* Aug. 13, 1949

THE NEW YORKER

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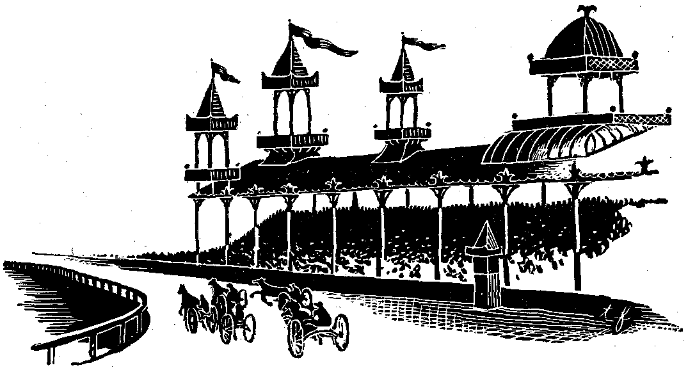
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



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14	15	16	17	18	19	20

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Death of a Salesman—In this solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope, Arthur Miller more than fulfills the promise he showed in "All My Sons." Lee J. Cobb heads the excellent cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Detective Story—Sidney Kingsley's message about totalitarian government vs. democracy interferes only intermittently with this roughhouse in a police station. Ralph Bellamy plays a tough cop to perfection. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Goodbye, My Fancy—A beautiful congresswoman, a college president, and a *Life* photographer are those principally involved in Fay Kanin's expert, if not terribly profound, play. The cast includes Ruth Hussey and Conrad Nagel. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** All about an enlightened tramp and a scheming junk dealer. With Joan Morgan and King Calder. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **a streetcar named desire:** Tennessee Williams' big job, concerning a woman's withdrawal into a world of illusion. With Uta Hagen and Ralph Meeker. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Kiss Me, Kate—Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison in an exemplary fusion of William Shakespeare and Cole Porter. They are given some very lively aid by Bella and Samuel Spewack, who wrote the parts of the book that Shakespeare didn't. With Lisa Kirk and Harold Lang. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lend an Ear—A collection of sharp, witty sketches by Charles Gaynor, who also did the music and lyrics, makes this revue one of the most cheerful things in town. Among the talented young people in the cast are Dorothy Babbs, William Eythe, Carol Channing, and Yvonne Adair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Miss Liberty—This big, rather tiresome musical about Bartholdi's statue and a circulation war between Joseph Pulitzer and James Gordon Bennett is largely the work of Irving Berlin, Robert Sherwood, and Moss Hart. Ethel Griffies is the most successful member of a cast that also includes Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, and Mary McCarty. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

South Pacific—Romantic love, miscegenation, and a lot of good, rowdy comedy are mingled in this superlative show. Richard Rodgers wrote the music, Oscar Hammerstein II handled the lyrics and collaborated with Joshua Logan on the libretto, and the cast is headed by Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Aug. 15, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25. Special performance Sunday evening, Aug. 14.)

Where's Charley?—Ray Bolger is chiefly responsible for the success of this musical version of "Charley's Aunt," by George Abbott and Frank Loesser. With Byron Palmer and Doretta Morrow. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Howdy, Mr. Ice of 1950," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Cabalgata—A Spanish revue, with singers and flamenco dancers. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing you may find a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are subject to frequent revision.)

Abingdon—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: "You Can't Take It with You." Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 15-16, and Saturday, Aug. 20: "The Torch Bearers." Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 17-19: "For Love or Money." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

Bar Harbor—Through Sunday, Aug. 14: "The Hasty Heart." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 16-21: "First Lady." (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: "The Torch Bearers." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 17-20: "Rain." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: Martha Sleeper in "Tonight at 8:30." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 15-20: Elliott Nugent in "The Fundamental George," a new play. (South Shore Playhouse, Town Hall, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: Paul Lukas in "Accent on Youth." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 15-20: Sarah Churchill and Jeffrey Lynn in "The Philadelphia Story." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight in "Western Wind," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 15-20: Helen Hayes in "Good Housekeeping," a new play. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: "The Glass Menagerie." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 15-20: Susan Peters in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: Susan Peters in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 15-20: "Slightly Married." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Guilford—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: Helmut Dantine in "No Time for Comedy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 15-20: Ruth Chatterton in "Lovers and Friends." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: Eva Le Gallienne in "The Corn Is Green." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 15-20: Ann Harding in "Yes, My Darling Daughter." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Lake Placid—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: Buster Keaton in "Three Men on a Horse." Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 18-20: "Lysistrata." (Lake Placid Drama Festival, Lake Placid, N.Y. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: Marie Powers in "The Medium" and "The

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Telephone." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 15-20: Raymond Massey in "The Winslow Boy." (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays and Wednesday, Aug. 17, at 8:45. Matinées Thursdays at 2:45.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: "The Show-Off." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 15-20: Helmut Dantine in "No Time for Comedy." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Millburn—"The Desert Song." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: "Peg o' My Heart." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 15-20: "The Barker." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Moylan—Thursday, Aug. 11: "The Mistress of the Inn." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13: "The Romantic Age." Wednesday, Aug. 17: "Saint Joan." Thursday, Aug. 18: "Androcles and the Lion." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20: "The Quick and the Dead." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: John Carradine in "The Heiress." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 15-20: "Three Men on a Horse." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: Grace and Paul Hartman in "Up to Now," a new revue. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 15-20: Paul Lukas in "Accent on Youth." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Nyack—Friday through Sunday, Aug. 12-14: "A Pocketful of Love," a one-act dance opera, and "Down in the Valley," a one-act opera by Kurt Weill, in English. (Rockland Summer Plays, Nyack, N.Y. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: "Of All Things," a new musical revue. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 15-20: "A Highland Fling." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30; special matinée Saturday, Aug. 13.)

Olney—Through Sunday, Aug. 14: Basil Rathbone in "The Heiress." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 16-21: "Charm." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, Aug. 14: "Oh, Boy," a musical. Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 16-21: "The Heiress." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Princeton—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: Diana Barrymore in "Light Up the Sky." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 15-20: Hildegarde in a song-and-piano recital. (McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: "Mr. Arcularis," a new play. (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: Kay Francis in "Let Us Be Gay." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 15-20: Grace and Paul Hartman in "Up to Now," a new revue. (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sea Cliff—Through Sunday, Aug. 14: Chester Morris in "Dark Tower." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 16-21: Elisabeth Bergner in "Amphitryon 38." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: "Spring Breaks Through," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 15-20: Sidney Blackmer in "Strange Bedfellows." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Smithtown Branch—Through Sunday, Aug. 14: "Tobacco Road." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 16-21: "Arsenic and Old Lace." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: "The Winslow Boy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 15-20: "On Approval." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 13: "Out of the Dust." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 15-20: Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight in "Western Wind," a new play. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 14: "Joy to the World." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 16-21: "On Borrowed Time." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Sundays at 2:45.)

Note—jacob's pillow dance festival: Iva Kitchell, members of the Ballet Theatre, and others, in a series of ballet programs. (Lee, Mass. Thursday, Aug. 11, at 9; Fridays and Saturdays, Aug. 12-13 and Aug. 19-20, at 4 and 9.) . . . **american dance festival:** Ballet programs, including several new works, with Valerie Bettis, José Limón, Jane Dudley, Sophie Maslow, William Bales, and others. Opens Friday, Aug. 12. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Garden was really designed to grow stalactites, but it's pleasant and quite handsome just the same. Jules Lande's orchestra for dancing, except on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—In the Cascades roof garden, Harold Nagel's and Don Bestor's orchestras dish out dance music at dinner and supper every evening but Sunday. Kathryn Duffy's dancers are around, too.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Through Thursday, Aug. 11, Josh White, a folk-type balladier, and Ruth Brown, a something-for-the-boys-type songbird. Tony Scott's band, which has Dick Hyman on piano, for dancing. Next night, a new show, involving principally Dorothy Donegan, who plays a lively piano, and the long-absent band of Coleman Hawkins. Closed Mondays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Never mind the hearts-and-flowers violin routine; just stick around for the beautiful ballet girls, Jay Marshall's tomfoolery, and W. C. Handy's trumpeting. Billy Banks' band for dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—If the management doesn't watch its step, this place will someday become a national institution. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's orchestra for tea dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a luxurious period piece, has the flowing dance music (after eight-thirty) of Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—One of our best summertime country seats, within a two-minute elevator ride of New York. Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's languishing bands for dinner and supper dancing. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra plays in the Café Lounge, at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—*Nightly instruction for the young in social* dancing, persiflage, and other minor arts. An orchestra and a rumba band play continuously.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—In this roomy château, Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band play for dancing after nine, and someone called Romolo de Spirito sings.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof offers Freddy Martin's orchestra, which plays straight through dinner and is spelled thereafter by Mischa Borr's band. On Sundays, the Borr band goes it alone, and the room closes at ten.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): John Kelley, Jr., at cocktails and dinner, and Cy Walter at the supper hour, playing elegant piano in this luxurious retreat. Closed Sundays. . . . **coq rouge,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, a timeless ornament of Park Avenue night life, playing for dancing after eight-thirty and imparting a new verve to this landmark. Ernie Warren is the interlude pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **café trouville,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Mary McNally plays piano at cocktail time and Harry Taylor obliges after nine-thirty in this venerable oasis. Closes for the rest of the summer on Saturday, Aug. 13. . . . **little club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A halfway house between Broadway and Park Avenue, with Marshall Grant's trio after ten, except Sundays, and Rudy Barron's violin music, every evening except Monday. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with frenzied indigenous dances by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **one fifth avenue,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Louise Howard, reënacting, with malice aforethought, the idiosyncrasies of a group of all too familiar song stylists. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey operate double pianos. Old silent movies, too, on Sunday nights, but no hoops or marbles. . . . **penthouse club,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): A

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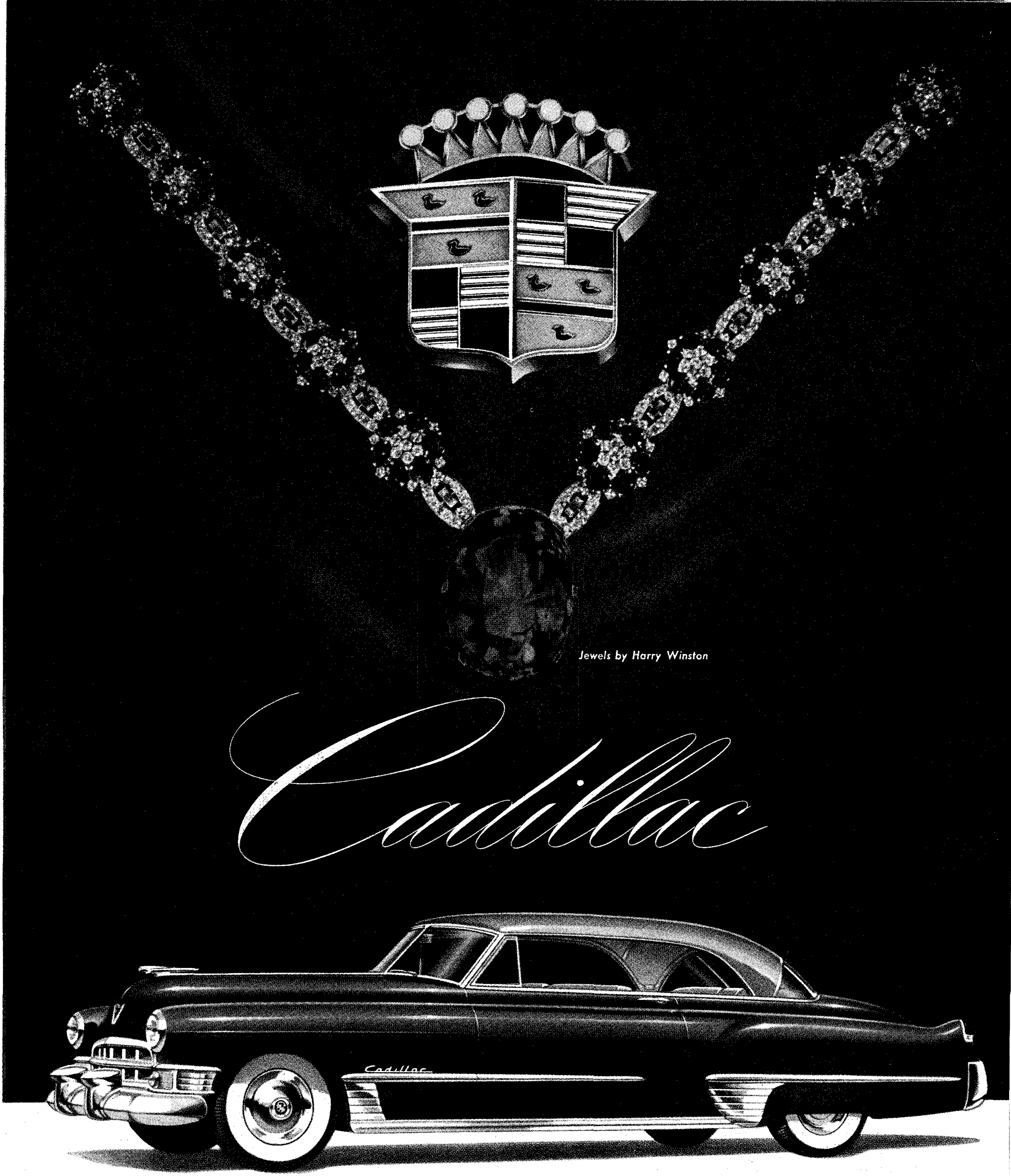

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

small hanging garden of Babylon, with a summer show of which the major ingredient is Eve Young, a pleasant little singer.... **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In this busy bit of modern décor, Harry Meyerowitz's cocktail piano and (except Tuesdays) Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800): The café bar, every night but Sunday, offers Cy Coleman's interesting experiments in pianoforte diatonics.... **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Piano music Mondays through Fridays from five to nine.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, *10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060)*: Mindy Carson, an unaffected girl with a true voice and no mannerisms, is the best of the lot on view here now. Dance music for spectator athletes, and those Copa girls for spectator sportsmen.... **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Harry Richman, on his ninety-third farewell tour of the white-light circuit, plus Martha Raye, who should be seen rather than heard. Not too far to the rear, a covey of long-legged females. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): On the soft summer breeze in this pink-and-black conservatory are wafted, from dinnertime until just before dawn, the seductive piano duets of Eadie and Rack. Closed Sundays.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Mmes. Spivy and Mabel Mercer, intoning, respectively, knockabout and romantic songs. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mary Lou Williams' arresting abstract piano, sometimes solo and sometimes in counterpoint to J. C. Heard's trio, which also plays for dancing. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Alarums and excursions by Wild Bill Davison, aided and abetted by Gene Schroeder, Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, and other cacophonists. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, ringing these aged rafters. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney Bechet's stentorian quartet, which employs the services of Kansas Fields, Sammy Price, and Big Chief Russell Moore. Don Frye plays piano while they're out having a smoke. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Wilbur de Paris's band, in which Sidney de Paris is also involved, being as Early American primitive as the house rules allow. Supper dancing only, and no music on Mondays. ... **RIVIERA LOUNGE,** Seventh Ave. at 4th St. (WA 9-9663): Willie the Lion Smith, after ten every night but Monday, making real lively boys-in-the-back-room music. Mondays through Fridays, Art Hodes is here, too. Herb Ward, Tony Parenti, and Frank Orchard help out.... **BOP CITY,** *1619* Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Through Wednesday, Aug. 24, the bands of Count Basie and Charlie Ventura will continue to produce the standard amount of hubbub here. The following evening, Louis Armstrong's devoted little group of virtuosos will open for business. Closed Mondays.... **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Errol Garner, who has been away a long time, evoking satisfying sounds from a very tired piano.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Henry Busse's orchestra. Closed Sundays.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Nat Brandwynne's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

SUMMER SPOTS

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700): Dinner and supper dancing, in pleasant weather, underneath the few remaining boughs of Manhattan's forest primeval.... **ASTOR ROOF,** Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): Xavier Cugat's and Bill McCune's bands. Closed Sundays.

IN THE COUNTRY

DANCING—GLEN ISLAND CASINO, New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Steve Kisely's band; closed Mondays.... **CHANTICLER,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra; closed Mondays.... **BOWDEN SQUARE,** Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): The Sonny Kendis Trio every night but Tuesday.

DINNER—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays.... **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays. ... **COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.:** The Moorings (Cold Spring Harbor 998); Harold Cooke at the piano, except Mondays.... **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 378); closed Mondays. ... **CROTON FALLS, N.Y.:** Massé's (Croton Falls 960); closed Tuesdays.... **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 2667). ... **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781).... **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.:** Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475).... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 6-0266).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167).... ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979).... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342); closed Tuesdays.... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays.... **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings.... ¶ Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342).... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597).... **MANHASSET, L.I.:** Mori's (Manhasset 1842); closed Tuesdays. ... **NEW HOPE, PA.:** Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784).... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings.... ¶ Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).... **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371); closed Mondays.... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120).... ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232).... **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-0253); closed Mondays.... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays.... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays.... **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706).... ¶ Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays.... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.:** Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-0839).... **WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L.I.:** Dune Deck (Westhampton 1400).... **WESTON, CONN.:** *Cobb's Mill Inn* (Westport 2-4330); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-3971).... **YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.:** Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 490); closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries in the city open around 10 and close between 5 and 6 Mondays through Fridays.)

GALLERIES

GROUP SHOWS—At the **SERIGRAPH,** 38 W. 57th St.: A large, diverse collection of silk-screen prints, sensitively executed; through Sept. 16.... **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: A show combining the work of a number of noteworthy American painters of several decades ago—Albert P. Ryder, Ralph Blakelock, and George Luks among them—with that of some contemporary artists, including Jean Liberte and Sol Wilson; through Sept. 9.... **SALPETER,** 36 W. 56th St.: Some small pictures, uneven in quality, by this gallery's painters. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 10.... **LEVITT,** 16 W. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Virginia Berresford, Everett Spruce, and others; through Aug. 31.

IN THE COUNTRY—At the **NORTH SHORE ARTS ASSOCIATION,** Gloucester, Mass.: Twenty-seventh annual show. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30.... **OGUNQUIT ART ASSOCIATION,**

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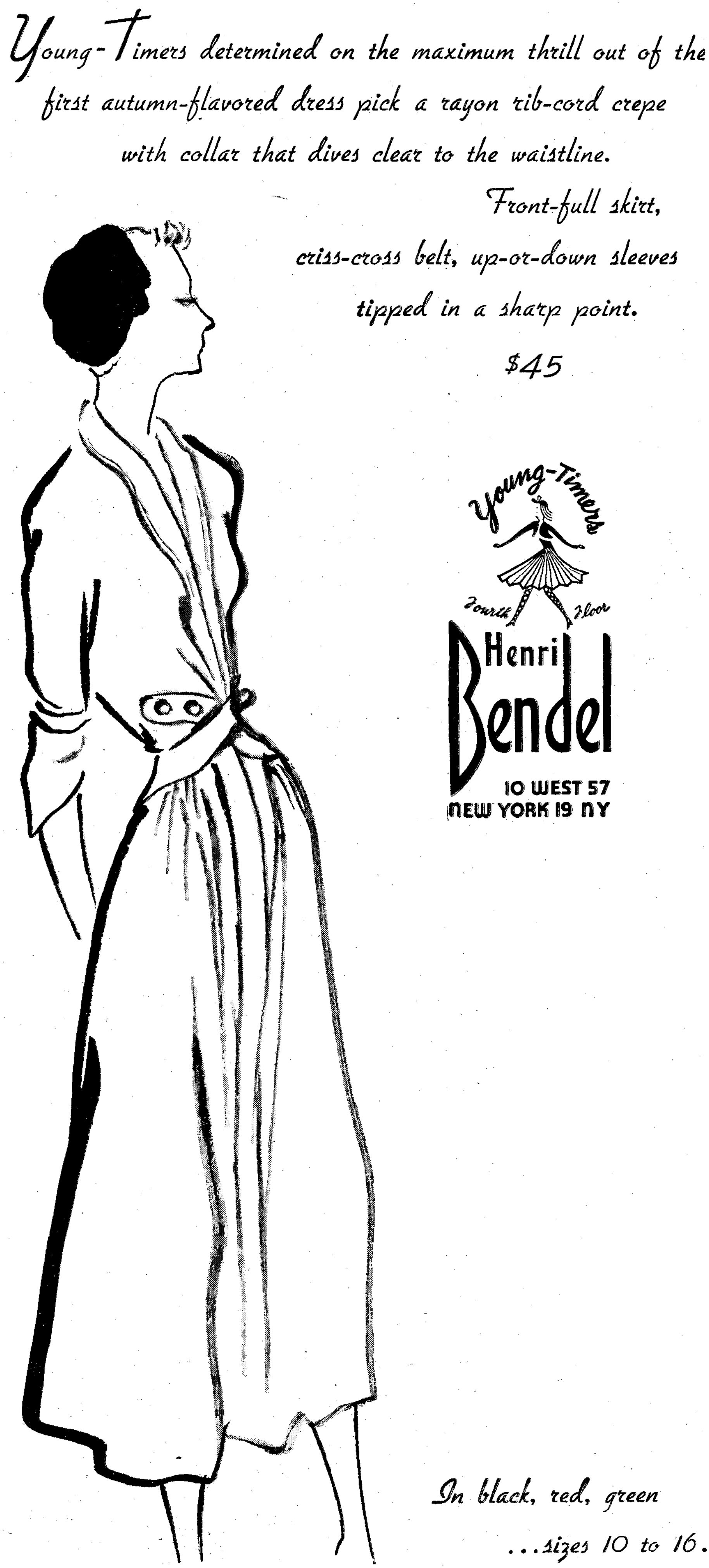

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ogunquit, Maine: Members' group show. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5:30.... **ROCKPORT ART ASSOCIATION**, Rockport, Mass.: Twenty-ninth annual exhibition. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 3 to 7.... **PARRISH MUSEUM**, Southampton, L.I.: Group show. Thursday through Saturday, 11 to 5; Thursday evening, 8 to 10; and Sunday, 3 to 5; through Aug. 14.... **GUILD HALL**, East Hampton, L.I.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American artists. Weekdays, 10 to 5 and 8:30 to 10:30; Sunday, 3 to 6; through Aug. 16.... **SILVERMINE GUILD OF ARTISTS**, Silvermine, Conn.: Summer group exhibition. Daily, except Tuesday, 1:30 to 6; through Aug. 20.... **MYSTIC ART ASSOCIATION**, Mystic, Conn.: Twenty-fifth annual exhibition. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.... **BERKSHIRE ART CENTER**, Canaan, N.Y.: An exhibition by contemporary artists, including Sol Wilson, Joseph DeMartini, Ogden Pleissner, and others. Daily, 3 to 6.... **WOODSTOCK ARTISTS ASSOCIATION**, Woodstock, N.Y.: Group show. Monday through Friday, 11 to 6; Saturday, 10 to 9; and Sunday, 11 to 4; through Aug. 17. ... **LYME ART ASSOCIATION**, Old Lyme, Conn.: Forty-eighth annual summer exhibition. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.... **ESSEX ART ASSOCIATION**, Essex, Conn.: A group show by members of the gallery. Weekdays, 1 to 5.... **ADDISON GALLERY OF AMERICAN ART**, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.: A hundred and seventeen paintings by art students throughout the country. Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of French Impressionist paintings and other works; through Sept. 5.... ¶ A fairly jumbled but quite entertaining exhibition tracing the classic influence in art from early Greek times to Picasso. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)...¶ At the Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park, a major fraction of the Nine Heroes tapestries is now on display as part of the permanent collection. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by the Austrian Expressionist Oskar Kokoschka; through Sept. 28.... ¶ A large and practically definitive exhibition of twentieth-century Italian art, from the early Futurists down to the present time. It includes works by a number of young postwar artists not generally known here. Through Sept. 18.... ¶ A collection of prints by Gauguin, Vuillard, and Bonnard, many of them in color; through Sept. 25.... ¶ In the Museum garden, a one-family house, designed by Marcel Breuer; through October 30. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

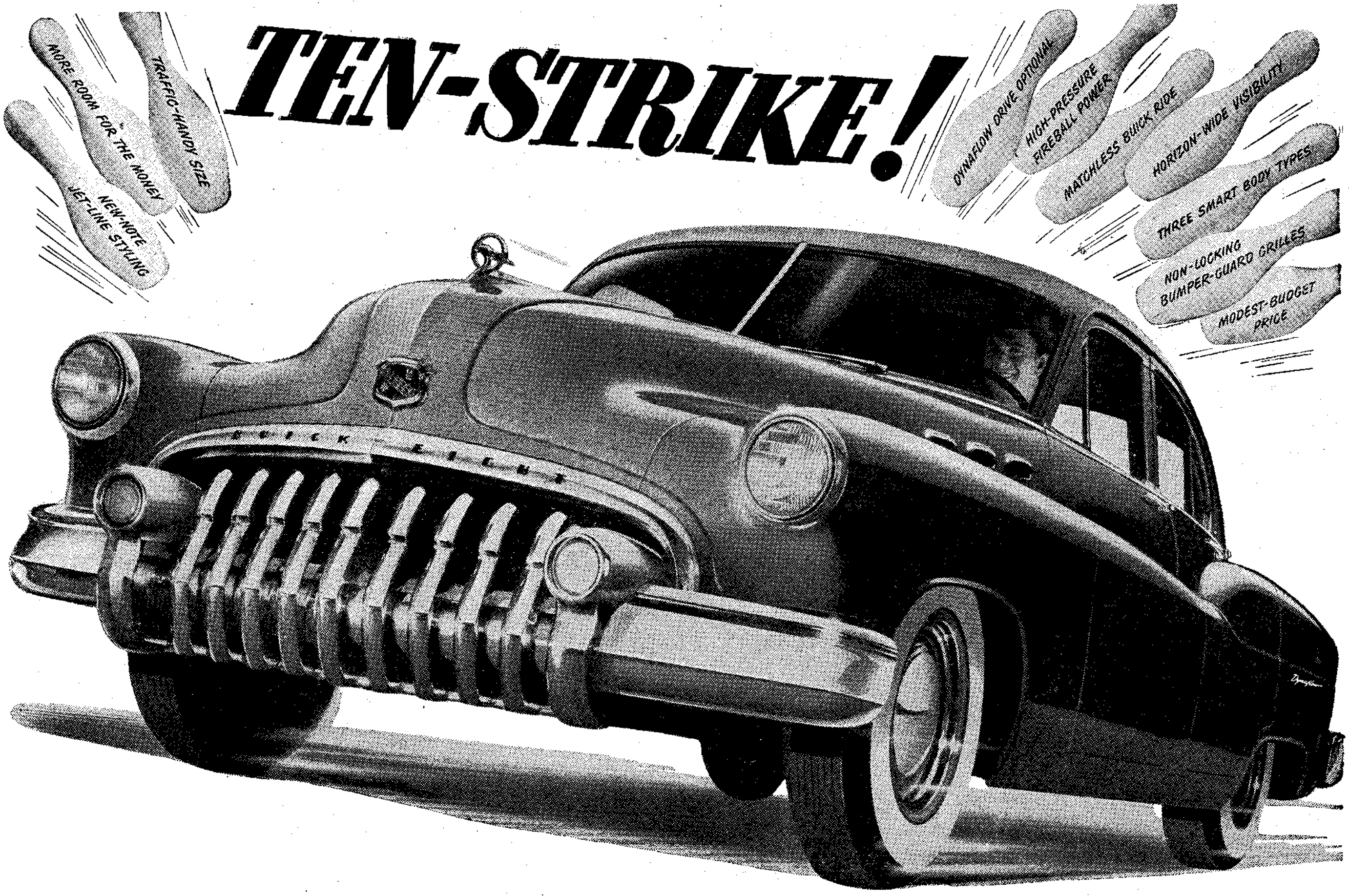
MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—*Following is the schedule of the final programs in this year's series of Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M., over WNYC.* Thursday, Aug. 11: Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, with Whittemore and Lowe, duo piano.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13: Salvatore Dell'Isola conducting an all-Rodgers-and-Hammerstein program, with Annamary Dickey, soprano; Gladys Swarthout, soprano; Thomas Hayward, tenor; and Robert Weede, baritone. (Tickets are available at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AD 4-5800, and at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534.)

Opera—The **LEMONADE OPERA**: Kurt Weill's "Down in the Valley," along with "Hansel and Gretel," both in English; through Saturday, Aug. 13.... ¶ Haydn's "The Man in the Moon," in English, starting Tuesday, Aug. 16. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **SALMAGGI OPERA**: "La Gioconda," Saturday, Aug. 13.... ¶ "La Traviata," Saturday, Aug. 20. (Triborough Stadium, Randall's Island. Both at 8:45. For tickets, call CI 7-6347.)

Juilliard Concerts—Final performances of the

TEN-STRIKE!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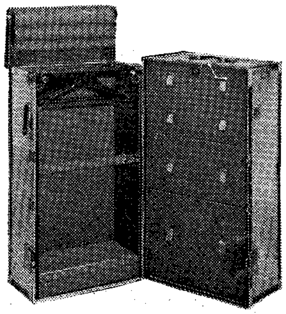


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

season—Thursday, Aug. 11: A program of opera excerpts, presented by the school's Opera Workshop and directed by Fritz Mahler. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12: Juilliard Summer Symphony, Walter Hendl conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Both at 4. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 33.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the final programs in this year's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Friday, Aug. 12, and Sunday and Monday, Aug. 14-15, at 8:30.)

In the Country—**BERKSHIRE MUSIC FESTIVAL,** Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.—The Boston Symphony in the final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 11, at 8:15: Leonard Bernstein conducting. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, at 6: The annual evening of hoopla, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony in a special concert, plus various musical flights by the Berkshire Music Center, a picnic, waltzing on the lawn, door prizes, and fireworks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:15: Serge Koussevitzky conducting a program that includes the American première of Benjamin Britten's "Spring Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 3: Serge Koussevitzky conducting. . . . **BERKSHIRE QUARTET:** A series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4.) . . . **BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL OF CHAMBER MUSIC:** Marcel Grandjany, harp, Monday, Aug. 15. . . . ¶ The Berkshire Quartet, Tuesday, Aug. 16. . . . ¶ The Zimbler String Sinfonietta, Wednesday, Aug. 17. (South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass. All at 4.) . . . **COLONY OPERA GUILD:** Presenting "The Pirates of Penzance." (Schroon Lake, N.Y. Friday, Aug. 19, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Washington, Tuesday, Aug. 16, at 8:30, and Wednesday, Aug. 17, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, Aug. 18, at 2:30; Friday, Aug. 19, at 8:30; and Saturday, Aug. 20, at 2. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Boston, Thursday, Aug. 11, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Aug. 12, at 2:30; Saturday, Aug. 13, at 1:30 (doubleheader); and Sunday, Aug. 14, at 2:05 (doubleheader). . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Boston, Friday, Aug. 12, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 13, at 1:30; and Sunday, Aug. 14, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Aug. 16, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 17-18, at 1:30.

Golf—Westchester County Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Knollwood Country Club, White Plains. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 11-13.) . . . ¶ Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Tuesday, Aug. 16.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Walker Cup Matches. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20.)

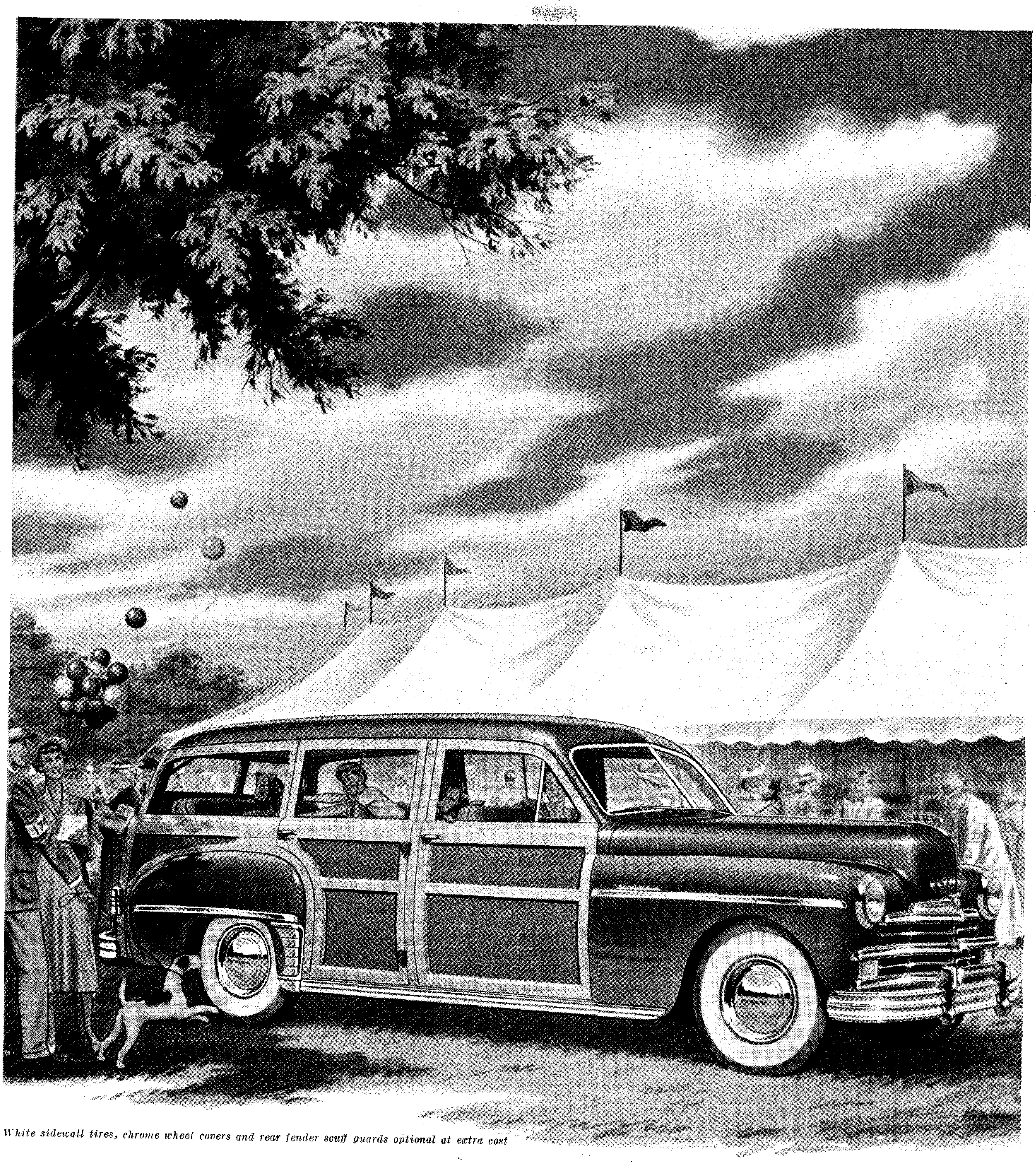
Polo—Sundays at 3:30—**BOSTWICK FIELD,** Westbury. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase.

Racing—At **SARATOGA SPRINGS:** Weekdays at 2:30. The Saratoga Special, and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 13; the Spinaway, Tuesday, Aug. 16; and the Grand Union Hotel, and the Saratoga Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 20.

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino, Newport. Through Sunday, Aug. 14.) . . . ¶ Davis Cup Inter-Zone final, Australia vs. Italy. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 12-14.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 15-21.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40. (Special trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03 P.M., and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 P.M. and 7:03 P.M.) . . . **SARATOGA SPRINGS:** Weekdays at 8:15. . . . **GOSHEN:** Grand Circuit Meeting, daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 13.

Yachting—Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Through Saturday, Aug. 13.) . . . ¶ Hyannis Yacht Club Regatta. (Hyannis, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug 12-13.) . . . ¶ New Bedford Yacht Club Regatta. (New



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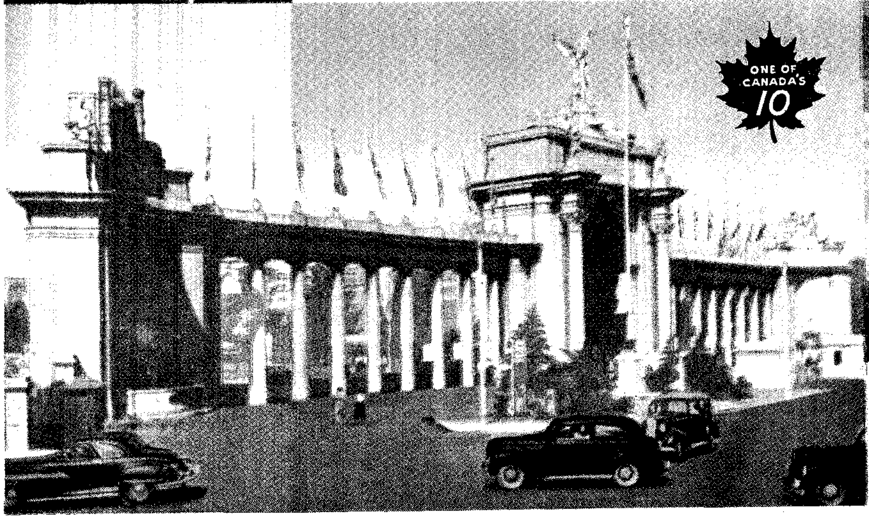

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bedford, Mass. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 18-20.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, about five hundred visitors are admitted, Mondays through Fridays, to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and, starting Wednesday, Aug. 17, to the committee meetings of the Scientific Conference on Conservation and Utilization of Resources. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

Hayden Planetarium—The current show is called "The End of the World." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Transatlantic Liners—Britannic: Sails Thursday, Aug. 11, at 10:30 A.M.... ¶ Caronia: Sails Thursday, Aug. 11, at 4:30 P.M.... ¶ America: Arrives Thursday, Aug. 11; sails Tuesday, Aug. 16, at 4 P.M.... ¶ Queen Mary: Sails Friday, Aug. 12, at noon.... ¶ Nieuw Amsterdam: Arrives Friday, Aug. 12; sails Monday, Aug. 15, at 4 P.M.... ¶ Washington: Arrives Saturday, Aug. 13; sails Wednesday, Aug. 17, at noon.... ¶ Media: Arrives Saturday, Aug. 13; sails Friday, Aug. 19, at 3:30 P.M.... ¶ Mauretania: Arrives Monday, Aug. 15; sails Wednesday, Aug. 17, at 4:30 P.M.... ¶ Vulcania: Arrives Wednesday, Aug. 17; sails Saturday, Aug. 20, at noon.... ¶ Queen Elizabeth: Arrives Thursday, Aug. 18; sails Friday, Aug. 19, at midnight.... ¶ DeGrasse: Arrives Saturday, Aug. 20.

ON THE AIR

(Since programs are often changed at the last minute, the newspapers should be consulted as final authority.)

RADIO

Music—Juilliard Opera Workshop, directed by Fritz Mahler, Thursday, Aug. 11, at 4 P.M., WNYC.... ¶ Juilliard Summer Symphony, Walter Hendl conducting, Friday, Aug. 12, at 4 P.M., WNYC.... ¶ Marilyn Cotlow, soprano, and Robert Weede, baritone, Friday, Aug. 12, at 9 P.M., WOR.... ¶ C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Sunday, Aug. 14, at 3 P.M., WCBS.... ¶ Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony, in an all-Beethoven program, at the Berkshire Music Festival, Sunday, Aug. 14, at 4:35 P.M., WNBC.... ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, with Elena Nikolaidi, contralto, Sunday, Aug. 14, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC.... ¶ Martha Lipton, contralto, Monday, Aug. 15, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC.... ¶ Ezio Pinza, bass, Monday, Aug. 15, at 9 P.M., WNBC.... ¶ Detroit Symphony, Valter Poole conducting, Tuesday, Aug. 16, at 9:45 P.M., WJZ.

Drama—Bette Davis in "Jezebel," Friday, Aug. 12, at 9 P.M., WNBC.... ¶ "The Big Sky," Saturday, Aug. 13, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC.... ¶ Loretta Young in "Once Upon a Horse," Sunday, Aug. 14, at 8 P.M., WNBC.

TELEVISION

Sports—Baseball: All home games of the Dodgers are shown on WCBS, of the Yankees on WABD, and of the Giants on WPIX.... ¶ Tennis: Davis Cup Inter-Zone final, Australia vs. Italy, at the Westchester Country Club, Rye, Friday and Sunday, Aug. 12 and 14, at 2 P.M., and Saturday, Aug. 13, at 2:30 P.M., WNBT.

Miscellany—"One A.M.," an old Charlie Chaplin film, Thursday, Aug. 11, at 8:15 P.M., WPIX.... ¶ The fifteenth installment of the film of General Eisenhower's book "Crusade in Europe," Thursday, Aug. 11, at 9 P.M., WJZ.... ¶ Eddie Condon, with Louis Armstrong, Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, and others, Saturday, Aug. 13, at 9:30 P.M., WNBT.... ¶ "Tillie's Punctured Romance," a Chaplin film with Marie Dressler, Wednesday, Aug. 17, at 8 P.M., WJZ.

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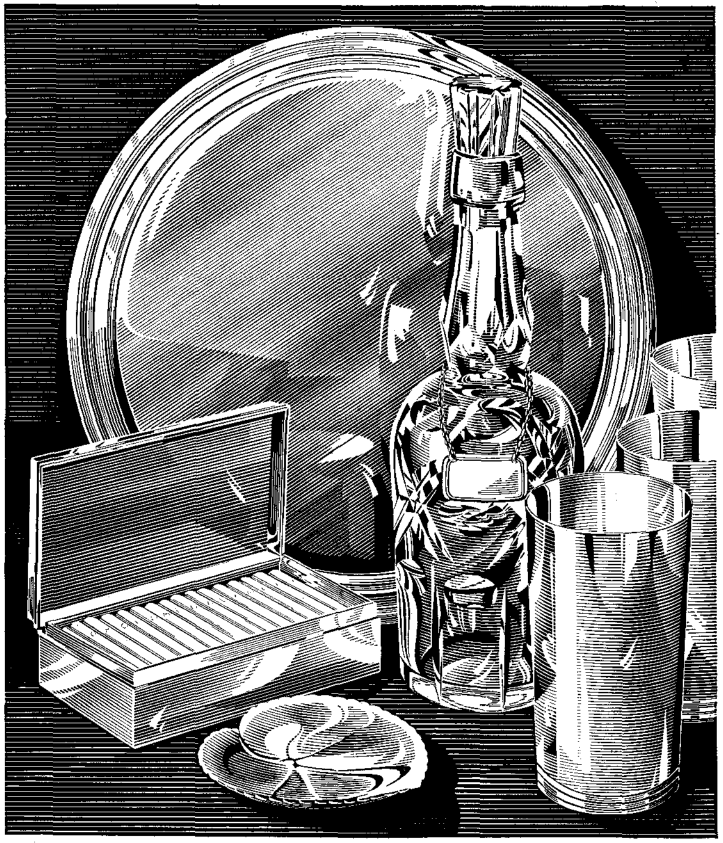

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Barkleys of Broadway—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers and mighty little else. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through Aug. 12. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Aug. 16-17. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Aug. 17.)

Champion—A good deal of the sardonic bite of the Ring Lardner story has been lost in this rewrite for the movies, but the film does include many frenzied prizefighting sequences. Kirk Douglas makes a believable Midge Kelly. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Aug. 14.)

Devil in the Flesh—Adolescent love described perceptively in a French film adroitly directed by Claude Autant-Lara and featuring Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier's version of the Shakespearean tragedy, and a fine one. An English picture. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

It Happens Every Spring—Well, this chemistry professor becomes an unbeatable baseball pitcher through some chemical hocus-pocus. Ray Milland is engaging as the hurler, and Paul Douglas is comic as his partner behind the plate. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; through Aug. 12. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Aug. 14-15. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Aug. 16.)

Quartet—An English picture based on four Somerset Maugham short stories, a couple of which add up to fairly entertaining stuff. The large cast is excellent. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

The Red Shoes—A stylish ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn-out English film, which deals with life among the dancers. With Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Sorrowful Jones—Bob Hope in a funny film that was known as "Little Miss Marker" when it appeared in 1934. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; Aug. 13-17. . . . ¶ Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; Aug. 14-17. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Aug. 16.)

REVIVALS

The Adventuress (1947)—An English comedy about the anti-British activities of an excessively patriotic Irish girl during the war. With Deborah Kerr. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Aug. 15-17.)

The Baker's Wife (1940)—A Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Colonel Blimp (1945)—A British biography of a professional soldier, played by Roger Livesey. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Cover Girl (1944)—Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, Jerome Kern music, and Ira Gershwin lyrics. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; Aug. 11.)

Gunga Din (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant and Victor McLaglen. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Aug. 12-14.)

How Green Was My Valley (1941)—Life in the Welsh collieries. Maureen O'Hara, Walter Pidgeon, and Roddy McDowall. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; Aug. 13-16.)

The Invaders (1942)—The troubles of a Nazi submarine crew in Canada. Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 14-15.)

Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House (1948)—Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, and Melvyn Douglas caught in various housing dilemmas. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting Aug. 17.)

Mourning Becomes Electra (1947)—Rosalind Russell and Katina Paxinou in the O'Neill melodrama. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 13.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields as a kindly uncle. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar in an adaptation of the André Gide story. A French picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Tawny Pipit (1947)—An English comedy about bird watchers. With Bernard Miles. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; through Aug. 12.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747; through Aug. 14.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Aug. 15.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—Raimu in a French comedy having to do with a village seduction. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

Note—"Marius," "Fanny," and "César," the three full-length films that make up Marcel Pagnol's ten-year-old trilogy about Marseille and some of its raffish inhabitants, will be shown together, as a triple feature, at the Thalia (B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370), starting Aug. 16. In French, with Raimu, Pierre Fresnay, and Orane Démazis.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Aug. 14: "The Land" (1941), directed and narrated by Robert Flaherty; "Easter Island" (1934); and "Song of Ceylon" (1934). . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 15: "Olympia" (1939), Part I, directed by Leni Riefenstahl. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"Lost Boundaries," Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Anna Lucasta," Paulette Goddard.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Mighty Joe Young," Terry Moore.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Not Wanted," Sally Forrest.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Aug. 12: **"The Big Steal,"** Robert Mitchum, Jane Greer.
From Aug. 13: "Too Late for Tears," Lizabeth Scott, Dan Duryea.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"In the Good Old Summer Time," Judy Garland, Van Johnson.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Aug. 17: "Ma and Pa Kettle," Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Rope of Sand," Burt Lancaster, Paul Henreid.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Come to the Stable," Loretta Young, Celeste Holm.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Aug. 11: "You're My Everything," Dan Dailey, Anne Baxter.
From Aug. 12: "Slattery's Hurricane," Richard Widmark, Linda Darnell.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Aug. 16: "The Great Sinner," Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner.
From Aug. 17: "Jolson Sings Again," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Aug. 11: "The Girl from Jones Beach," Ronald Reagan, Virginia Mayo.
From Aug. 12: "It's a Great Feeling," Dennis Morgan, Doris Day.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Window," Barbara Hale.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN, revival; and **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
Through Aug. 12: **TAWNY PIPIT**, revival.
Aug. 13-16: **HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY**, revival.
From Aug. 17: **MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE**, revival.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER, revival; and **THE BAKER'S WIFE**, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
Through Aug. 17 (tentative): "Heart of Vienna" (in German), revival; and "The Life and Loves of Tschaikovsky" (in German), revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through Aug. 12: "Sleeping Car to Trieste," Jean Kent; and "Don't Take It to Heart," revival, Richard Greene.
From Aug. 13: To be announced.

Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through July 17: "I Live as I Please" (in Italian), revival, Ferruccio Tagliavini; and "Cavalleria Rusticana" (in Italian), revival.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DEVIL IN THE FLESH; and "A Visit with Maillol," short documentary film.

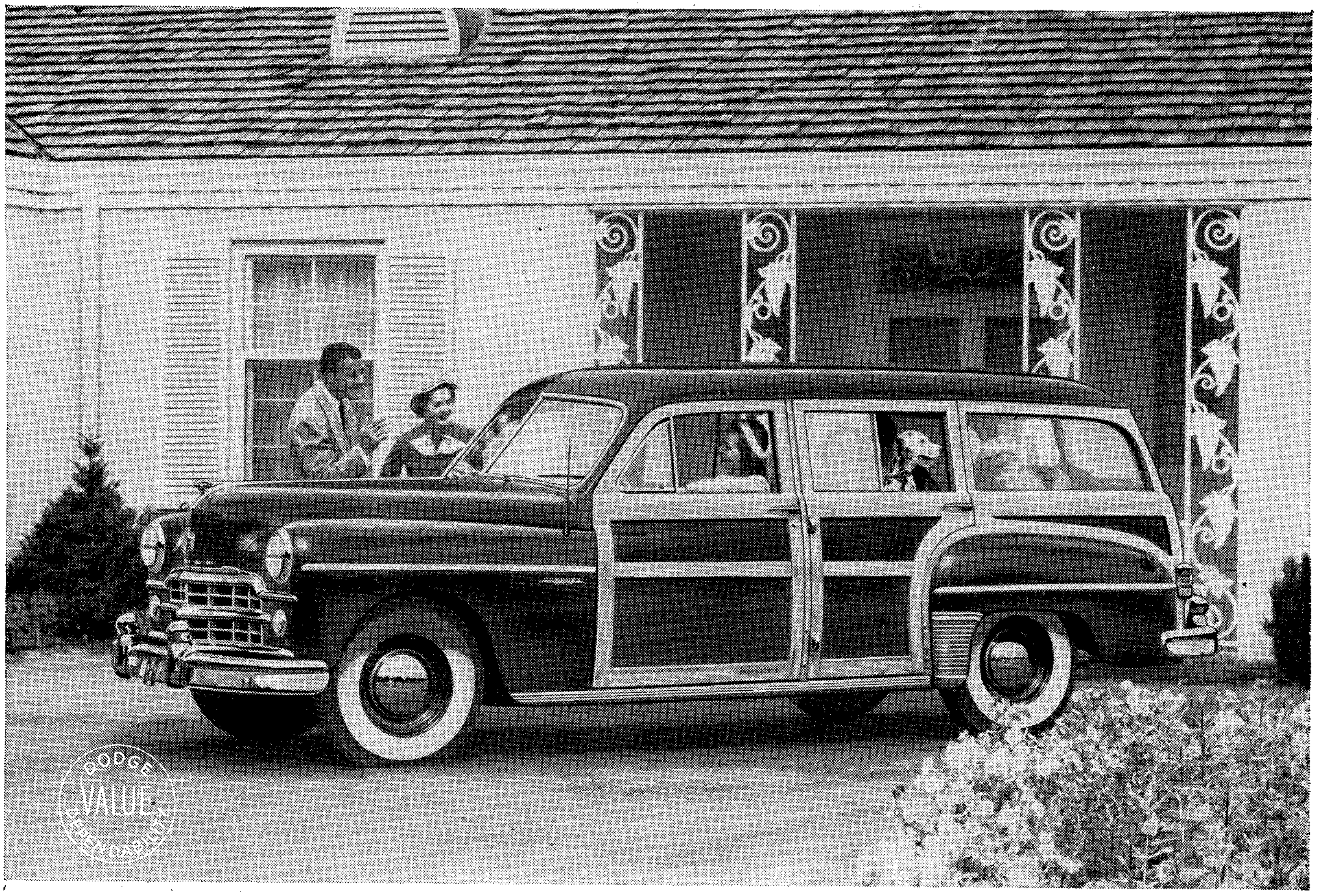
Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
QUARTET.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
COLONEL BLIMP, revival.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Aug. 14: **TORMENT**, revival; and "Passionnelle" (in French), revival.
From Aug. 15: "Somewhere in Berlin" (in German).

GLAMOUR GIRL... AND CHORE BOY, TOO!



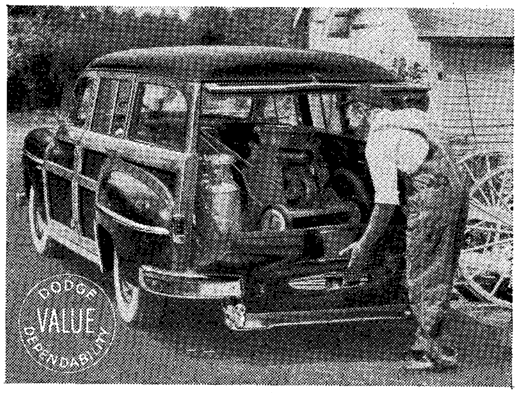
Smart in any setting . . . busy all day long

Don't let its sleek beauty fool you . . . this new Dodge Station Wagon is a load-lugging giant.

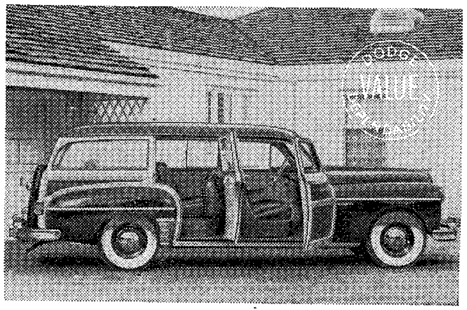
It seats nine in comfort . . . with leg room, head room, elbow room to spare. Four wide doors provide easy access to all three full-width seats, and its capacity for "out-size" loads makes it a friend of all the family.

At the wheel of this glamour car you'll thrill to the power of the "Get-Away" engine . . . relax with the proved smoothness of all-fluid drive. And, to completely free you from shifting, Gyromatic is available at moderate extra cost.

Yes, in this new Dodge you get twice the return on your investment . . . a real glamour girl that's a chore-boy, too.



TAIL GATE DROPS . . . window swings up for full height loading. Storage space available behind rear seat . . . two rear seats removable for maximum carrying capacity. Spare tire protected in locked metal cover on tail gate.



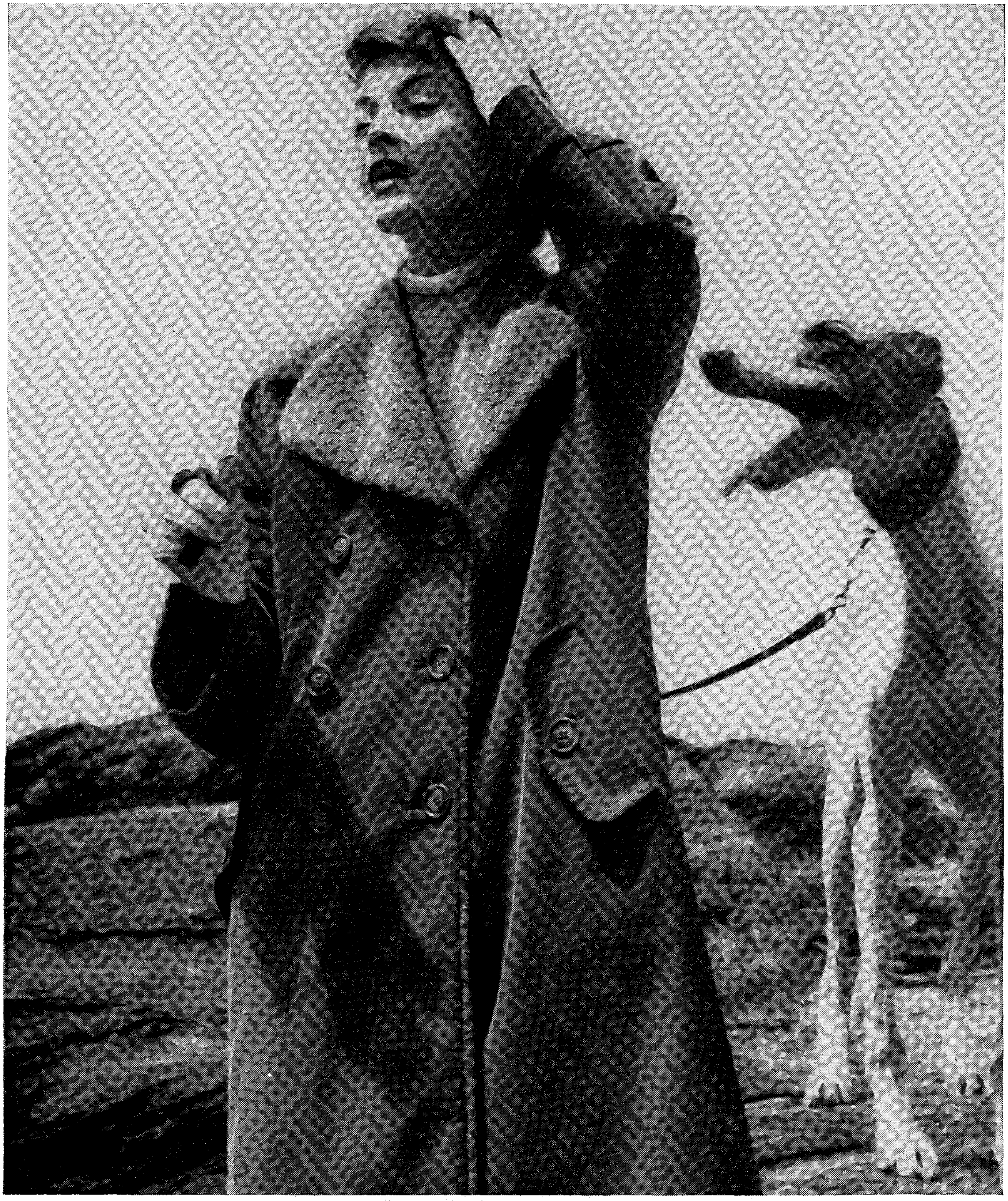
TWO DOORS on each side open wide for easy entrance and exit. All seats are full width . . . no need to squirm or crawl to reach the rear seat.

New Coronet

DODGE

STATION WAGON

DIGORY JENS



SUN AND STORM COAT . . . Altman's exclusive corduroy . . . for campus and the open air life . . . featuring this Fall's favorite fluffy lining of cotton-backed alpaca pile . . . the corduroy Cravenetted* for extra protection. Rust, dark green, grey or brown, sizes 10 to 18, at 55.00.

Altman College Shop, third floor

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

. . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset

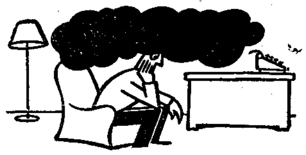
FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

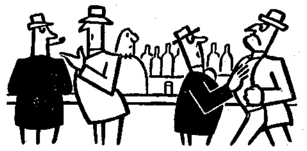
Notes and Comment

KENNETH ROBERTS' working methods and ours differ so widely it is hard to realize we are in the same line of business. We've just been looking through his book "I Wanted to Write" and marvelling at his stamina and his discipline. The thought of writing apparently stimulates Roberts and causes him to sit upright at a desk, put in requests to libraries, write friends, examine sources, and generally raise hell throughout the daylight hours and far into the night. He works at home (where his privacy is guarded), writes in longhand, counts the words, keeps a record of moneys received, and gets a great deal done. Now turn for a moment to your correspondent. The thought of writing hangs over our mind like an ugly cloud, making us apprehensive and depressed, as before a summer storm, so that we begin the day by subsiding after breakfast, or by going away, often to seedy and inconclusive destinations: the nearest zoo, or a branch post office to buy a few stamped envelopes. Our professional life has been a long, shameless exercise in avoidance. Our home is designed for the maximum of interruption, our office is the place where we never are. From his remarks, we gather that Roberts is contemptuous of this temperament and setup, regards it as largely a pose and certainly as a deficiency in blood. It has occurred to us that perhaps we are not a writer at all but merely a bright clerk who persists in crowding his destiny. Yet the record is there. Not even lying down and closing the blinds stops us from writing; not even our family, and our preoccupation with same, stops us. We have never counted the words, but we estimated them once and the estimate was staggering. The only conclusion we can draw is that there is no such thing as "the writing man," and that after you have waded through a book like "I Wanted to Write" you still don't know the half of it, and would be a fool to try and find out.



AS a literary man (or a clerk with leanings), we read with profound excitement the literary conversation between John Gunther and Vincent Sheean as reported in the *Herald Tribune* the other Sunday. It was right on the top level of intellectual exchange, and, being up there (and managing to *stay* up there), it had a strangely unfamiliar sound to the ears of this hardened old listener to literary conversations. Its zenith was when Gunther turned to Sheean and said, "Every man is a pool of forces. What were some other of yours?"

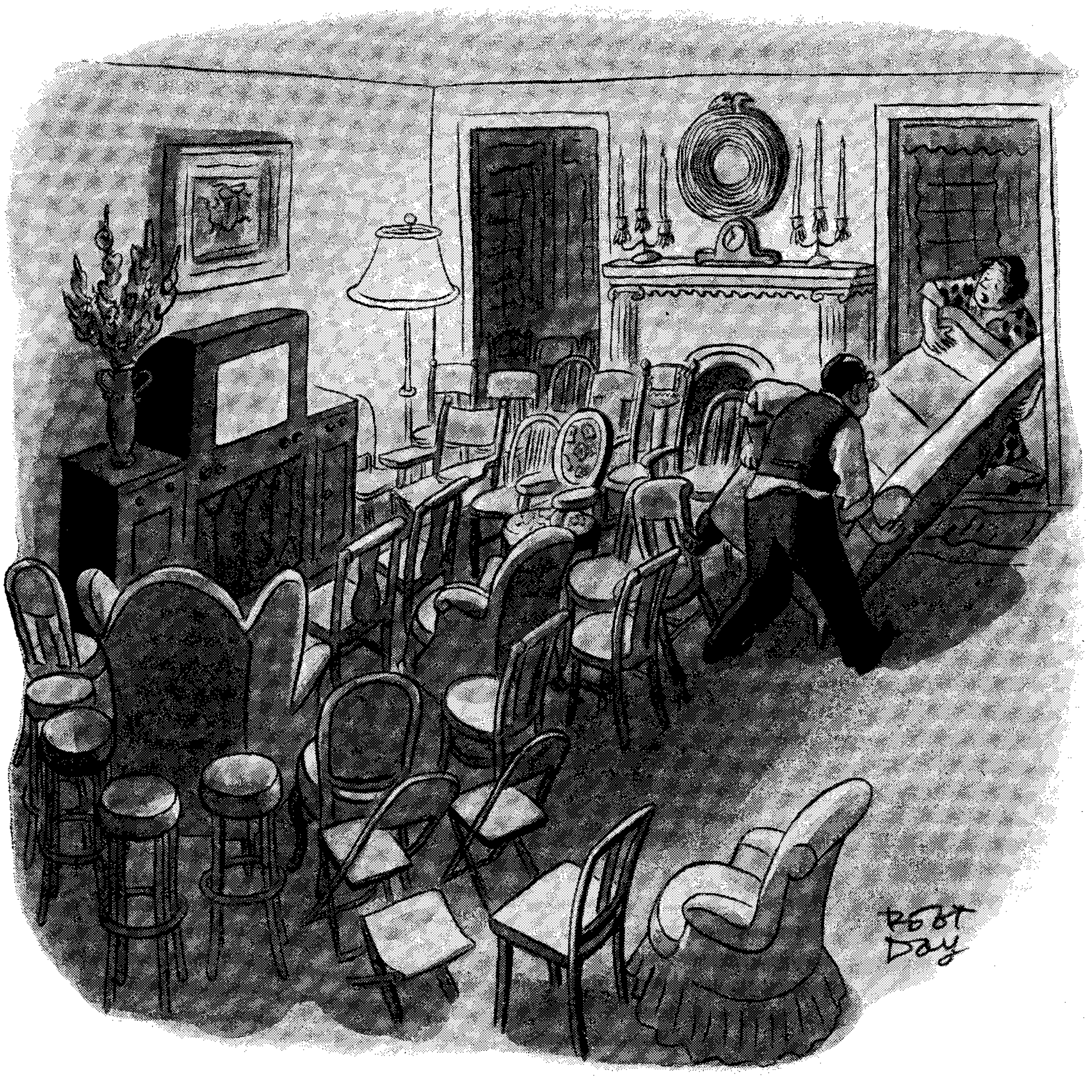
To our great surprise, nothing happened at this point and Sheean was able to answer the question. What usually happens, of course, at a literary crisis of this sort is that somebody at the other end of the room, or bar, catches a fragment of the conversation (the phrase "pool of forces," perhaps) and wants to fight with whoever made the remark. And is restrained by cooler heads after a bit of scuffling.



Tick

AMONG a variety of tempting gadgets advertised for sale by Abercrombie & Fitch in the *Times* the other day was a Sniffer Geiger Counter, and the store has been besieged, as we journalists say, by interested parties ever since. These included us. Our interest being, in part, professional, we were ushered into the tenth-floor office of Walter S. Haynes, one of the two second vice-presidents and merchandising managers of Abercrombie's, who told us that he had spotted the Sniffer at the radio-engineering show held last spring in Grand Central Palace. "There's the Geiger counter for us!" was, he said, the thought that flashed through his mind on that occasion, for Abercrombie's had already sensed a need among its patrons for Geiger counters and had been casting about to find one that was small, light, and comparatively cheap. "Most counters have heavy equipment and heavy batteries, and cost a couple of hundred dollars," Haynes pointed out. "The Sniffer weighs only two pounds all told, runs on flashlight batteries, and sells for fifty-four-fifty." When we asked what purpose Abercrombie customers could put the counter to, Haynes raised his eyebrows in astonishment. "Uranium prospecting, of course!" he said, thereby chalking up one of the least expected "of course"s in our experience. "Most of our customers are out in the open a lot, tramping around, and they might just as well be carrying a Sniffer. Matter of fact, it combines fun, patriotism, and the possibility of a profit, because the government is offering ten thousand dollars for the discovery of each new deposit of ore containing at least twenty per cent pure uranium. The Sniffer was developed by some smart young physicists out in Chicago, expressly for amateur prospectors, and Uncle Sam is delighted with it."

We went downstairs to have a look at the Sniffer, which is on display in Abercrombie's camera department. (It was decided that a Geiger counter is more like a camera than anything else Abercrombie's carries.) There the two salesmen on duty, the Messrs. Skinner and Young, stated to us that they feel very good about the Sniffer and its potentialities. "Uranium oxide is where you find it!" Skinner declared heartily. "It's



"If it's one of those first-round knockouts, I'm going to be furious."

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going to bring back the old frontier days." He handed us a Sniffer, which is about the size of a building brick and has a light-blue metal cover, a leather handle, and a place for plugging in a set of earphones. Opening the Sniffer, we exposed a mess of electrical apparatus that, except for two Eveready batteries, was like nothing we had ever seen before. Skinner indicated a cigar-shaped object and identified it as a Geiger-Mueller tube. "Has a self-quenching vapor in it," Skinner said. We nodded. "Might call it the heart of the Sniffer," Skinner continued. We nodded again. "Just put on your earphones, plug them in, and take your Sniffer in hand," Skinner went on. "If you want to, you can even carry it in your pocket. It'll still pick up impulses." "Hilly and rocky country makes for the best prospecting," Young advised us, "but flatlands can also be rich. I understand there's been some unusual Geiger-counter ticking upstate, but nobody's collected any ten-thousand-dollar prize so far." "At all times you'll note a slow, steady ticking," Skinner said. "That's caused by cosmic rays and traces of radioactivity around you. It's called the background count. When the count gets up to two or three times the background count, it's time to get excited. When it gets up to a sound like radio static, jackpot!"

At the invitation of the Messrs. Skinner and Young, we put on the earphones, switched on the Sniffer, and, sure enough, caught a slow, steady background count. "You must have cosmic rays in here," we said. "Indeed we do," Young said. "I daresay we have as many cosmic rays *and* as many traces of radioactivity as the next place." Accompanied by Skinner, we wandered about the floor with the Sniffer, getting no special reaction from rubber boats but a brisk clickety-click from a shelf of watches and thermometers with radium dials. Skinner led us out onto Forty-fifth Street, and the background count went up perceptibly. "More cosmic rays outdoors than indoors," he explained. "No uranium under that asphalt, I'm afraid." The Sniffer would be of little or no use, Skinner informed us, in determining whether a given area was too radioactive for human habitation. It has no meter for counting impulses, and it detects only gamma rays, not alpha or beta rays, which also are dangerous.

Five sales of Sniffers had been made at the time of our call. One purchaser was a jutting-jawed chap wearing blue jeans, a leather jacket, and about a two-day growth of beard—every inch the prospector, except that he had on white-rimmed sunglasses.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The menus of the Sorrento Restaurant, on West Forty-sixth Street, have on recent days employed five spellings for liver Veneziana—Veniceanzen, Veniceazian, Venicezina, Venicezian, and Veniceazna.

A restaurant in Paris is listing on its menu "*Rosbif rôti.*"

Durable

BROOKLYN BRIDGE is about to undergo extensive alterations, as it has been doing from time to time ever since it was built, sixty-six years ago. The arrangement now is that motor traffic has the use of the four outer lanes—two eastbound, two westbound—and that streetcars use the two inner lanes (replacing "L" trains, which were taken off in 1944). Between these inner lanes, at the center of the bridge, there is a boardwalk for pedestrians. Buses are to replace the streetcars, and two trusses that run the length of the bridge between the car tracks and the motor lanes are to be removed. The two outside trusses will be strengthened to carry fifty per cent of the weight of the suspended structure, instead of ten per cent, as now. The approaches are to be remodelled. Up to three thousand men will work on the job well into 1951. When they're finished, the bridge will provide three ten-foot lanes for westbound motor traffic and three ditto for eastbound, and the horse-and-carriage and streetcar days will be over forever. The pedestrians' walk will be left in the center.

Busy as Brooklyn Bridge now is, it's

an odd fact that it's nowhere near as busy as it used to be. For one thing, the trend of the population in Brooklyn and Queens has been away from it. For another, it became famous for traffic jams, and this, combined with the availability of new bridges and tunnels, has influenced motorists. It is averaging around thirty-three thousand motor vehicles a day; once the alterations have been finished, it will be able to handle at least sixty thousand cars a day, and it is expected that it will frequently do so.

We've been assured by David Steinman, the engineer who has redesigned the bridge, that the alterations won't diminish its beauty. Steinman has been identified, one way or another, with twenty-five notable bridges and is the author of a biography of the Roeblings, father and son, who designed and built Brooklyn Bridge, and he told us that he was inspired to become a bridge engineer because he was born and brought up near it. "I still find it aesthetically the most satisfying bridge in the world," he said. "The Roeblings built in a day when the possibilities of steel were largely unknown, when bridge spans were spoken of in terms of seven or eight hundred feet—the span of Brooklyn Bridge is nearly sixteen hundred feet, you know—and when the fashion was all for superficial embellishments. But the Roeblings merely built soundly, and sound building is always the most beautiful building. Nobody can look at Brooklyn Bridge and not realize that."

Brooklyn Bridge has diagonal stays radiating downward from the tops of its towers, crisscrossing the vertical cable hangers by which the floor beams of the structure are supported, and giving something of the effect of a spider's web. It was the Roeblings' belief that if all four cables of the bridge were removed, the bridge would sink in the middle but wouldn't fall, thanks to these stays, which are capable of sustaining a great deal of stress. The cables and towers of the bridge are still in perfect shape, except that the towers are stained with the accumulated grime of almost seven decades. With proper maintenance, Brooklyn Bridge ought to stand for centuries; with no maintenance at all, it would probably be good for another sixty or a hundred years.

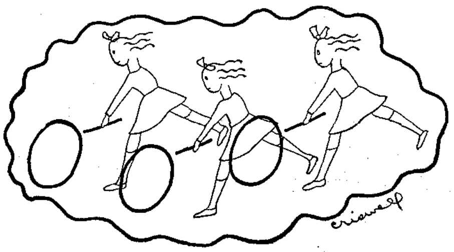
Eheu Fugaces!

A RECENT issue of *Antiquarian Bookman*, a trade weekly, lists among books wanted by a West Coast bibliophile "Absolutely anything on Shirley Temple."

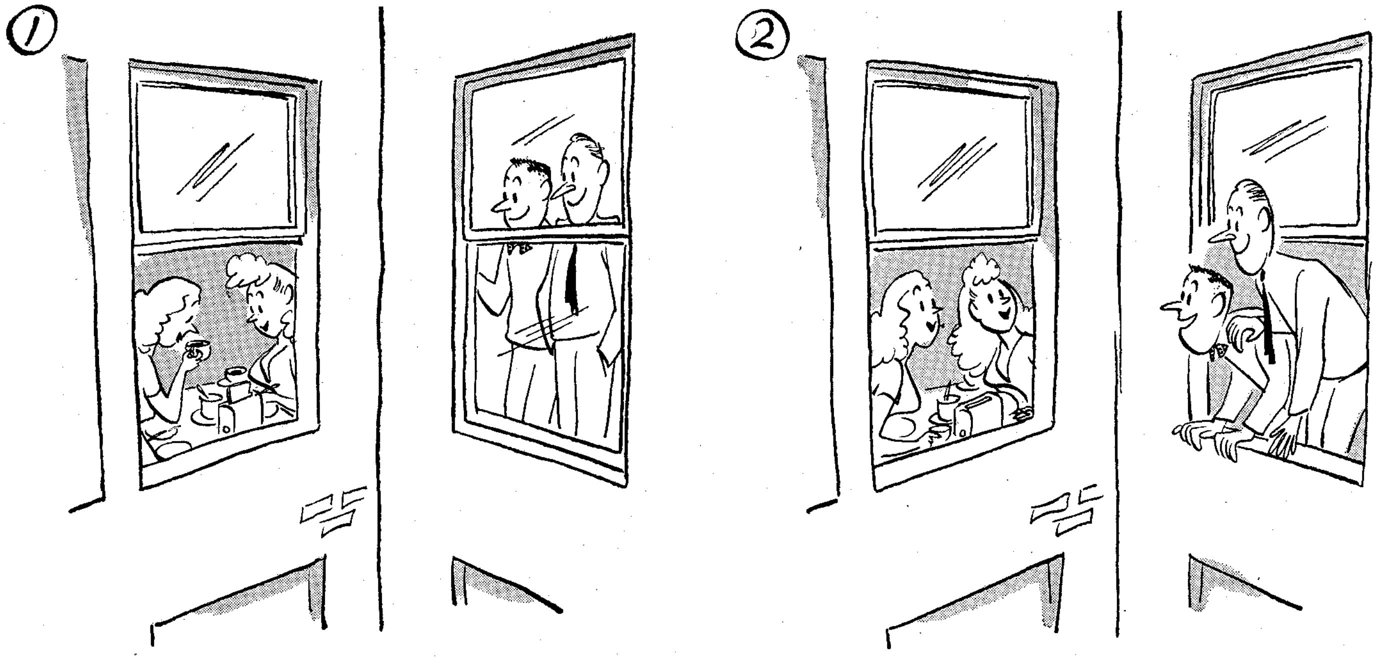
Purchasing Agent

HAVING learned that Mr. Robert Wolfe, of Port-au-Prince, Haiti, was in town on a purchasing mission for Haiti's International Exposition, which will open in Port-au-Prince December 1st, we called on him at his room in the Waldorf, half expecting a descendant of Toussaint L'Ouverture. We found instead a native of the Bronx, a member of the family that owns the Old Dover Restaurant, on the Boston Post Road, and a graduate of New York University—an enormous man of twenty-nine, whose story isn't as romantic as one might assume, under the circumstances. "I used to work in my father's restaurant, on the accounting side," he told us, "but it got sort of dull, so last September I went to Haiti, where my cousin had a construction company, for which I hoped to work." This nepotic dream faded when his cousin's outfit "dissolved," as Mr. Wolfe put it, and, looking around for a job that would enable him to stay in Haiti, with which he had fallen in love, he joined up with August Schmiedigen Associates, a Manhattan building concern, which is doing the construction work for the International Exposition. This will commemorate the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Port-au-Prince and will run for six festive months. The site is a strip on the Caribbean two miles long. Upon this will be erected about sixty reinforced-concrete buildings and pavilions, housing restaurants, movies, a museum of religious art, an illuminated fountain, a cockfighting arena, a voodoo amphitheatre, and so forth. "The secret rites of voodoo will be revealed for the first time," said Mr. Wolfe. "Drums! Tom-toms! Will you have a whiskey sour?" We asked whether he had had a preview of these rites, and he said no, but that a reliable Haitian friend, a man with degrees in engineering and law, had told him they include barefoot strolls through flames. "After removing his shoes and stockings and rolling up his trousers at one of these voodoo affairs," said Mr. Wolfe, "my friend was guided by a priestess through a large fire. Never a scorch! Damned if I'd do such a thing, though, on speculation."

We asked Mr. Wolfe just what he was purchasing here, and he drew from his inside coat pocket a sheet of paper listing flags, flag holders, furniture, telephone booths, turnstiles, restaurant utensils, flooring, elevators, paint, plywood, electric eyes, glass, sound-track equipment, refuse cans, plumbing, deep freezes, and many other things. "I'm empowered to spend two hundred thousand dollars," he said. "I'm getting post-office boxes and bronze mail-drop chutes for the Palais des Postes, where special commemorative stamps will be sold. I have something very handy to work with." He waved a Classified Telephone Directory at us. He then observed that twenty thousand natives have been moved out of a formerly disease-ridden area to make way for the Exposition, that the fair's buildings will be permanent and will eventually house government offices, and that he had ordered chairs for the cockfighting arena from the American Seating Company. These will be of bamboo and are expected to blend agreeably with palm trees growing on the Exposition grounds. Mr. Wolfe, who last winter married a New York girl in Port-au-Prince, says he plans to remain there indefinitely. He lives on a hill overlooking the capital. "It snaps you up to get back to New York and puts new ideas in your head," he said, "but I can see pheasant and guinea hen from my bedroom window in Haiti, which is more than you can say of the Waldorf." We looked out the window, and it was.



According to Mr. Wolfe, President Dumarsais Estimé, of Haiti, who has earmarked five million dollars for the Exposition, is a splendid man—gentle, quiet-spoken, reserved, and an uncommonly early riser. "He starts work at five," said Mr. Wolfe. "Most of us work from six till noon, rest for a couple of hours, and don't do much in the afternoon." He asked us to note that the Vatican is participating in the Exposition and that the aforementioned fountain will spout water to the rhythm of accompanying music. Since Mr. Wolfe has a couple of hundred thousand dollars to pass out, he has been well received by the businessmen the Classified Directory has led him to. He called up one manufacturing outfit and made a date for the next morning. When he appeared, the president's secretary greeted him cordially and shot him right into the boss's office. As he



passed her desk, he happened to spot an entry on her date pad: "10:15—Mr. Wolfe—red plush carpet."

Bored

HERE'S another of those child-away-from-home letters, this one received by the mother of a ten-year-old young lady who is visiting her grandmother on Cape Cod:

DEAR MUMMY,

I went to the carnival yesterday. They had a fun-house that you go in and you start walking on the flooer there are like panels all over each time you put your foot down something goes s-s-s. well, I got Granny to go in she went first you go down a long corridor then you turn left then you turn right then up some stairs you see a gorrila then at the end you have to go down a long twisting slide and then as you go out a big wind blows womens skirts over their heads. well, you should have heard the people laughing at Granny. then I had a taffy apple some popcorn and some orangeade which was like water. I went in an airplane on the merrigoround and on the ferris wheel and on some loop-the-loops. All in all I had a very dull time.

Love,
LUCY

Splash, Crash, Swish

THE cymbal is one of the very oldest of musical instruments. A pair of cymbals was found in the tomb of Ankhhape, an Egyptian musician (circa 300 B.C.). Ordinary cymbals don't have any particular tonality. All cymbals, like brandy, improve with age. We gathered the foregoing facts, and a number of others on cymbals, the hard way—in a small, clangorous room on the fifth floor of the Hotel New Yorker, at which the annual trade show of the National Association of Music Merchants was recently held. The man we sought out at this gathering was Mr. Avedis Zildjian, whom we'd been tipped off about. He makes cymbals. We found him surrounded by his wares and his sons, Armand and Robert, who are also in the business. As we talked with him and the scions, people from all sections of the country kept dropping in to clash cymbals together and strike them with mallets, drumsticks, and other blunt instruments, making a veritable Niagara of din.

Mr. Z. is a merry, open-faced gentleman of sixty, and his cymbal foundry is in North Quincy, Massachusetts. He makes the following types of cymbals: splash, crash, fast-crash, swish, bounce, bebop, concert-band, brass-band, symphony, fast, hi-hat, flange-hi-hat, ride, and finger. None of these get out of the foundry until they've been allowed to mature for at least six months. "Unless they're aged," Mr. Z. told us, "they've got no tone, no éclat. A cymbal must be rich in body and have a fast attack. For one thing, how long does it speak before it dies in tone?" Robert Z. informed us that the firm has several thousand cymbals that have been aging for fifteen years in vaults in a wing of the foundry, and a few that have been held there ever since the foundry was opened, in 1929. "They're quietly assembling their molecular structures," he explained, and added that occasionally this process is briefly interrupted when his father repairs to the vaults and treats himself to a cymbal concert. "Dad has a fine ear for a cymbal," said Robert, "and my brother Armand has the finest ear in the world. You go to a night club with him and he can tell you what cymbal or pair of cymbals is being played. 'That's a pair of hi-hats, fourteen-inch, medium-thin, that we sold in 1936,' he'll say." (Not only are there fourteen kinds of cymbals but the kinds vary in size and thickness.)

Mr. Z. and his sons also make gongs, which, they said, had never been made in this country before last January; all we'd had up to then came from China. "Last year, the director of the West Point band phoned Dad and asked if he could make a gong," Robert said. "Dad said he thought he could, for forty-five dollars. He made it, all right—for eight hundred dollars." "A gong is nothing but a heavy cymbal with a curved edge," said the elder Z. "I made *two* gongs, got the bandmaster on the phone, banged on both of them, and he picked out the one he wanted. I sold the other one to the band at Fort Meade. Now we've got a hundred and eighty more on the fire."

At this point, a husky man in a white suit entered the room and brutally assaulted a bebop with a drum major's baton, and there was no conversation for a spell. When the sound waves had finally killed themselves off, bounding from wall to wall, a colored gentleman with a thin mustache appeared, picked out two cymbals, laid them on the floor, and jumped simultaneously on both of them. He identified himself as Sonny Greer and remarked that he had been with Duke Ellington for thirty-one years. Mr. Z. looked at him indulgently and told us that almost all professional

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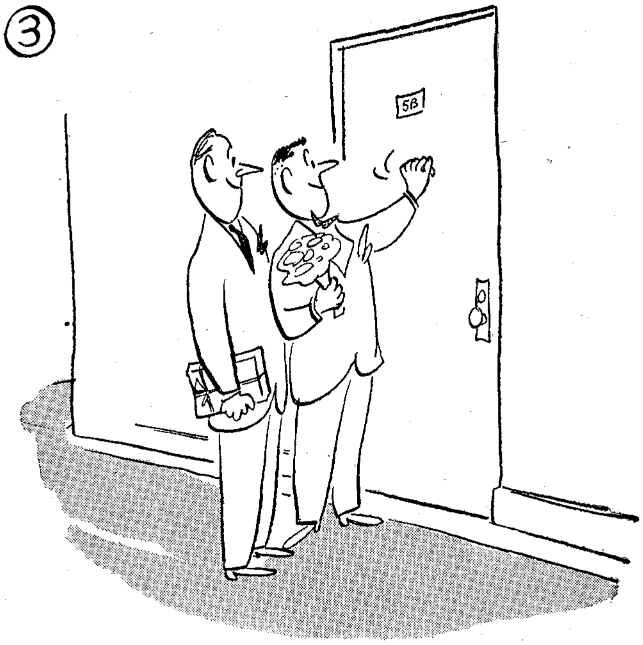

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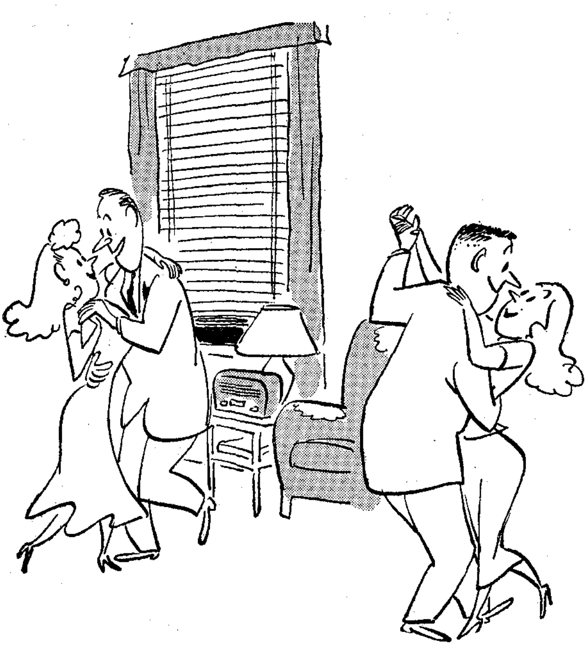

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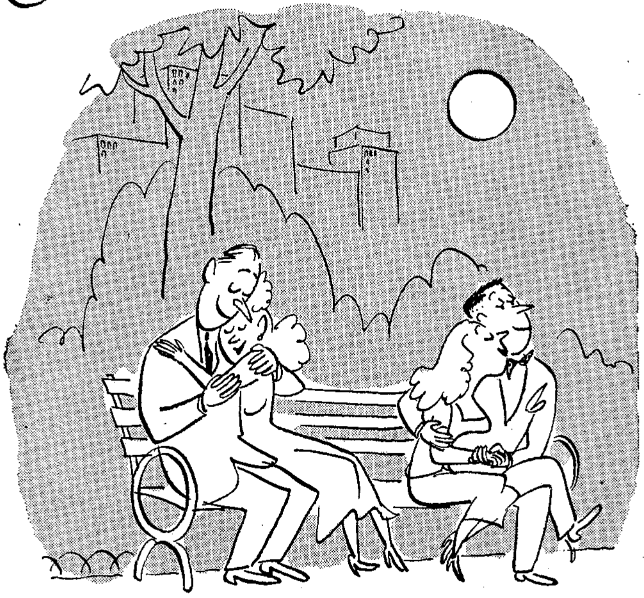

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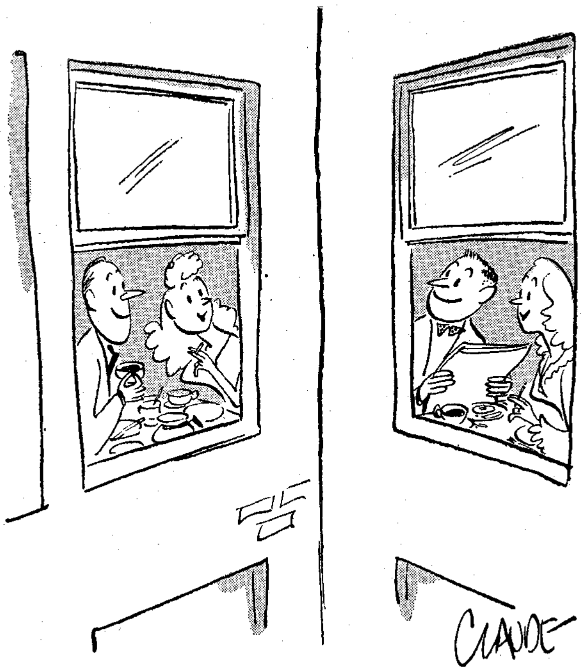


dance bands in America use his cymbals, and that some of them wear cymbals out fast. One drummer, employing thirteen-inch hi-hats, medium-thin, cracks one on an average of every six months. Mr. Z. told us that for the last ten years he has been making ninety per cent of the cymbals made in the world, that gongs are harder to make than cymbals (one out of every seven cracks in casting, compared with one out of every ten cymbals), and that his cymbals are eighty per cent copper, nineteen per cent tin, and one per cent silver. Beyond that, everything is a secret, which, Mr. Z. said, has been handed down in his family since 1623. In that year, Avedis Zildjian, an alchemist of Constantinople, after whom the present Mr. Z. is named, was trying to make gold and came up with an alloy that he had a hunch would be just the thing for cymbals. It was, and the family has made them ever since, except for a short interregnum in 1929 while an uncle of the current Avedis Zildjian was transferring the business from Istanbul to North Quincy. Mr. Z. had come here twenty years before.

By-Product

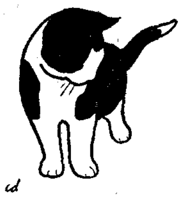
IN certain sections of the country, it appears, merchants shower new residents with gifts, or with cards entitling them to gifts. A matron who moved into a town in such a hospitable region in Virginia not long ago advises us that the distribution there is made by a Welcome Wagon and that this vehicle, a small enclosed truck, appeared in her driveway three or four days after she had set up housekeeping. A lady descended from the driver's seat and made a lavish disposal of samples of this and that from various storekeepers, and certificates good, upon personal presentation, for other things or services. One of the latter rather startled the newcomer, it being from an undertaking establishment. The Welcome Wagon lady was quick to explain. "It entitles you to borrow ten folding chairs," she said.

NEW ROMNEY, ’TIS OF THEE

THE first meal on board was lunch, at which I arrived late, because I had been prowling about B Deck with a steward in search of a missing suitcase. As I approached the table to which the chief steward had assigned me, I saw a harassed-looking couple listening somewhat uneasily to an elderly woman whose appearance was far from prepossessing. Gaunt, and with an almost fanatical glint in her eyes, she had cheekbones that might conceivably have appealed to the late Grant Wood, and mouse-gray hair arranged on top of her head in a manner that made me think of a loosely packed ice bag. She was speaking nasally and with the utmost determination.

“I’m half a Twist and half a Tait,” I heard her say. “The reason I prefer to use my full name is that I feel it helps to remind people of Eliphalet Twist, who broke away from the followers of Roger Williams and founded New Romney.”

I sat down, and there were introductions and bows. The harassed-looking couple proved to be a Mr. and Mrs. Northrup, of Boise, Idaho, and extremely pleasant. “My name is Harriet Twist Tait, Mr. Parker,” the lady with the ice-bag hair-do told me. “I’m a Miss, but I don’t miss much!” The Northrups and I smiled courteously. She then asked whether any of us had ever visited New Romney, Connecticut, and when we replied that we hadn’t, she shook her head sadly. New Romney, she said, is halfway between Middletown and Hartford, and is one of the oldest settlements along the Connecticut River. “You know what we’d call you, don’t you?” she added, with edged playfulness. “We’d call you ‘foreigners.’ ” The word pleased her, evidently, because she repeated it, chuckling. “You see, New Romney was settled in 1650. First, the Twists came. Then the Taits, about twelve years later. Then the Rollinses, the Geers, and the Bartons. In 1665, Hosea Tait began to operate his shipyard, and in the same year Matthew Barton established a Latin School ‘for the education of boys of manifest industry and reasonable promise.’ That was the way it was worded in the charter. ‘For the education of boys of manifest industry and reasonable promise living within ten miles of Christ Church at New Romney.’ What’s *this*?” A steward had just placed a dish in front of her, and for a moment she seemed annoyed at having her thoughts interrupted. “Oh, yes. Dessert. Steward, do you know what we call rice pudding, or any other kind of pudding, in New Romney, Connecticut? We call it ‘a New Romney mouthstopper.’ That’s because in the old days children used to stop talking whenever they started to eat their pudding, and the expression passed into common use. ‘Have some New Romney mouthstopper,’ we say now whenever we serve a pudding. I suppose we’ve been saying it for nearly three hundred years.”



“Have you, Madam?” the steward replied politely. He picked up the order slip I had written out and read the items—cold beef, green salad, and a bottle of ale—aloud.

“I don’t disapprove of ale,” Miss Tait said to me. “Records show that it was widely used in New Romney in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and in the first half of the nineteenth. But shortly before the Civil War we had a whole epidemic of horse-stealing and other unpleasant incidents, and our two taverns were forbidden to sell anything stronger than small beer. The wording of the article in the town warrant was ‘To enjoin hostelry proprietors or lessees from selling, or permitting to be consumed on their premises, any beverages of greater alcoholic strength than small or well-watered beer.’ Then—”

At this point, Mr. and Mrs. Northrup, having bolted their dessert and coffee, asked us to excuse them, and departed.

“Don’t go turning the bend!” Miss Tait called after them gaily, not only to their bewilderment but to mine. She herself seemed in no hurry to leave the dining saloon. “Do you know what ‘turning the bend’ means?” she inquired, and I admitted that I didn’t. As I ate my lunch, she told me an anecdote that began, “Just south of the town, the road to Denby happens to make a sharp bend, and many years ago a man named Phineas Frost was walking along this road to church one Sunday when he suddenly felt a sharp cramp in his stomach . . .” After this, I simply stopped listening. The only other thing I remember Miss Tait’s saying on this occasion was what I took to be the conclusion of another anecdote, one that must have been touched off by my asking the steward for some chutney to go with the cold meat. “. . . And *so*,” I heard her say as I mumbled a perfunctory word or two and got up from the table, “in New Romney a condiment of any kind is called ‘squandermush’ to this very day!”

THAT afternoon as I was settling down in my deck chair with a book, I heard my name spoken by a man a couple of chairs to my left. I was very glad indeed to see Alec Gordon, a Boston surgeon I have known for years. Gordon’s family has been helpful in shaping New England history for two centuries or more, but he has absolutely no repertoire of local trivia. He and I talked briskly for about an hour and then went below to see if we could arrange for me to be transferred to his table. We accomplished this without much trouble, but when I happened to encounter the chief steward again, later in the day, he remarked wearily that Mr. and Mrs. Northrup had also asked to be transferred somewhere, and that he had, after considerable effort, persuaded them to stay where they were. “I can’t completely *isolate* this Miss Tait!” he complained.

As Gordon and I were splitting a bottle of champagne in the smoking room before dinner (he had begun to feel seasick, and I had prescribed this widely endorsed remedy), Miss Tait turned up again. “I *thought* I’d probably find you here,” she said to me. “You needn’t get up. I won’t stay, because I’ll be seeing you at dinner anyway. Don’t take too much.” Miss Tait, I learned before I was through with her, had a way of becoming very gay and animated whenever she said anything especially outrageous. “Remember what I told you about ‘skipping the dipper.’ The story about the farmer and the Whig congressman.”

This was undoubtedly one I had missed between the account of Phineas Frost’s cramp and the etymological bit about the origin of “squandermush.”

A few minutes later, Gordon realized that he felt more seasick than ever, so I escorted him to his stateroom. He stayed there, poor fellow, for almost the entire remainder of the trip.

That evening, I ate at Gordon’s table, or, rather, at what *was* to have been his table. I felt fairly cordially disposed toward Miss Tait, and when she gave me a reproachful glance, I smiled at her and nodded. This was a mistake. As soon as I got up, she got up, too, and joined me in the passage outside the dining saloon.

I had to do a certain amount of explaining about Gordon. Also, I had to listen to a *petit conte* about a man named

Elijah Geer, who in the early nineteenth century farmed a piece of land all by himself and refrained from speaking to a living soul for a period of thirty years, thereby earning the sobriquet of the Hermit of New Romney. It was his custom to carry a pencil and scraps of paper with him, Miss Tait explained, and whenever he met someone he wanted to communicate with, he did so in writing. Children used to jeer at him in the streets, Miss Tait said. I felt that she intended this as a cautionary tale—one with a moral applicable even on board a transatlantic liner.

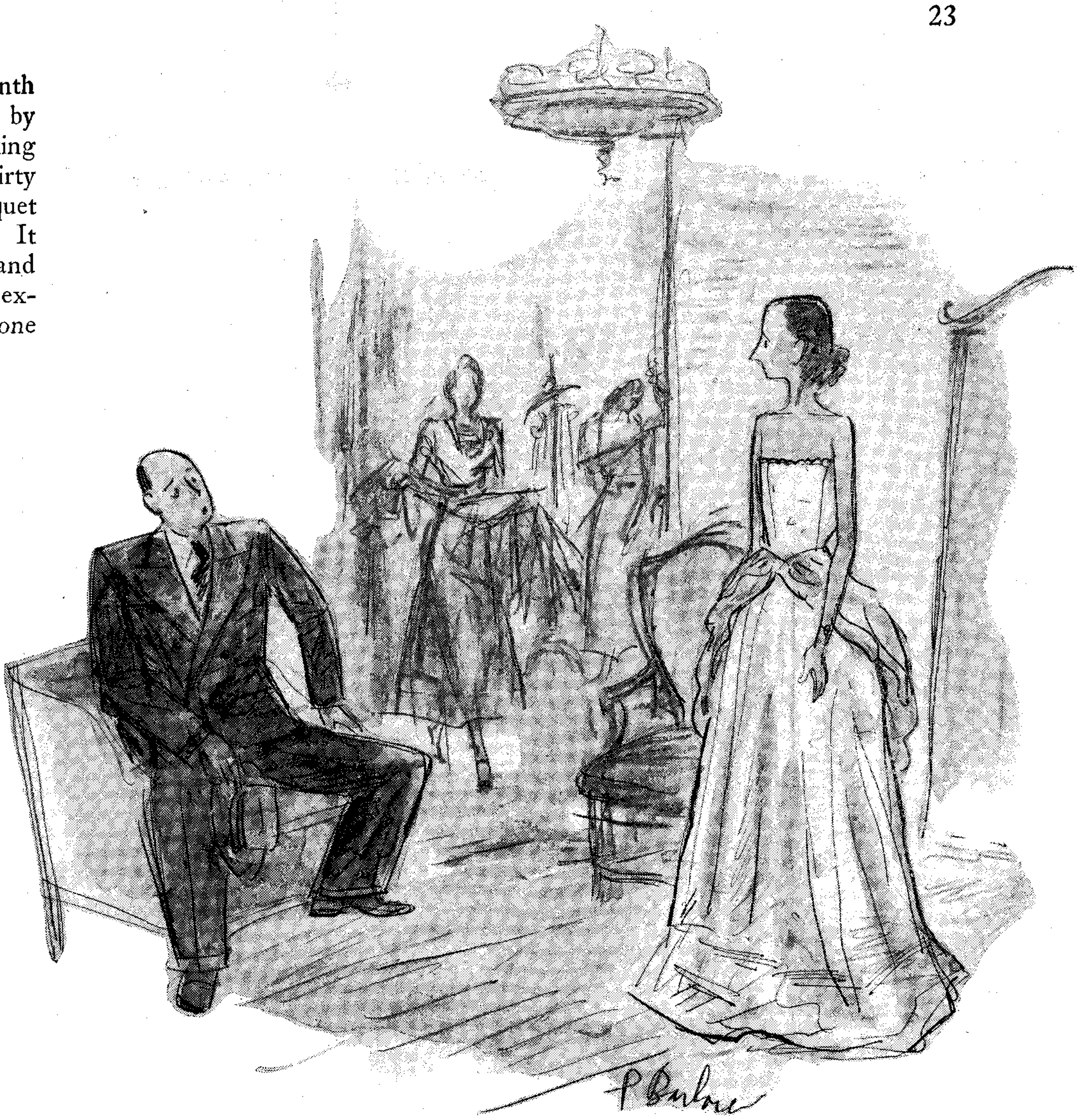
At the risk of having Miss Tait jeer at me, I said I guessed I'd go up on deck and get a breath of air. As we were walking toward the elevator, I sprang nimbly away from her and said I believed I'd use the stairs, because I needed the exercise. It was pleasant on the sports deck, and I walked around it for about an hour. Then, as I was passing under a strong overhead light, Miss Tait joined me.

"Still exercising?" she asked.

"Just *finishing*," I said.

"There used to be a blacksmith in New Romney named Isaac Cole," she said. "His neighbors noticed that even though he worked hard all day, there was always a light in his house till the small hours of the morning. 'Why do you sit up so late?' one of the neighbors asked him once. 'Because I'm not much of a bed hand,' he said. We still use the expression. 'So-and-so isn't much of a bed hand,' we say. Another thing we say, when we see anybody going somewhere in a hurry, is 'He's a regular New Romney devil!' or '*She's* a regular New Romney devil!' It all goes back to the days of the first volunteer fire department we ever had."

I knew that this wasn't the end—that Miss Tait was merely warming up, in fact—but I took advantage of the pause to say good night and slip away. She resumed the story the next morning, perching on the footrest of my deck chair. Having me at her mercy, she embroidered the fire-department yarn extensively. The point of it was simply that the volunteers had called themselves the New Romney Devils and had, of course, always been in a hurry when going to a fire. But before Miss Tait permitted me to enjoy this snapperoo, she took me on a number of side trips into regional history, with descriptions of all the important fires that had ever occurred in New Romney.



"Promise not to get mad if I tell you something?"

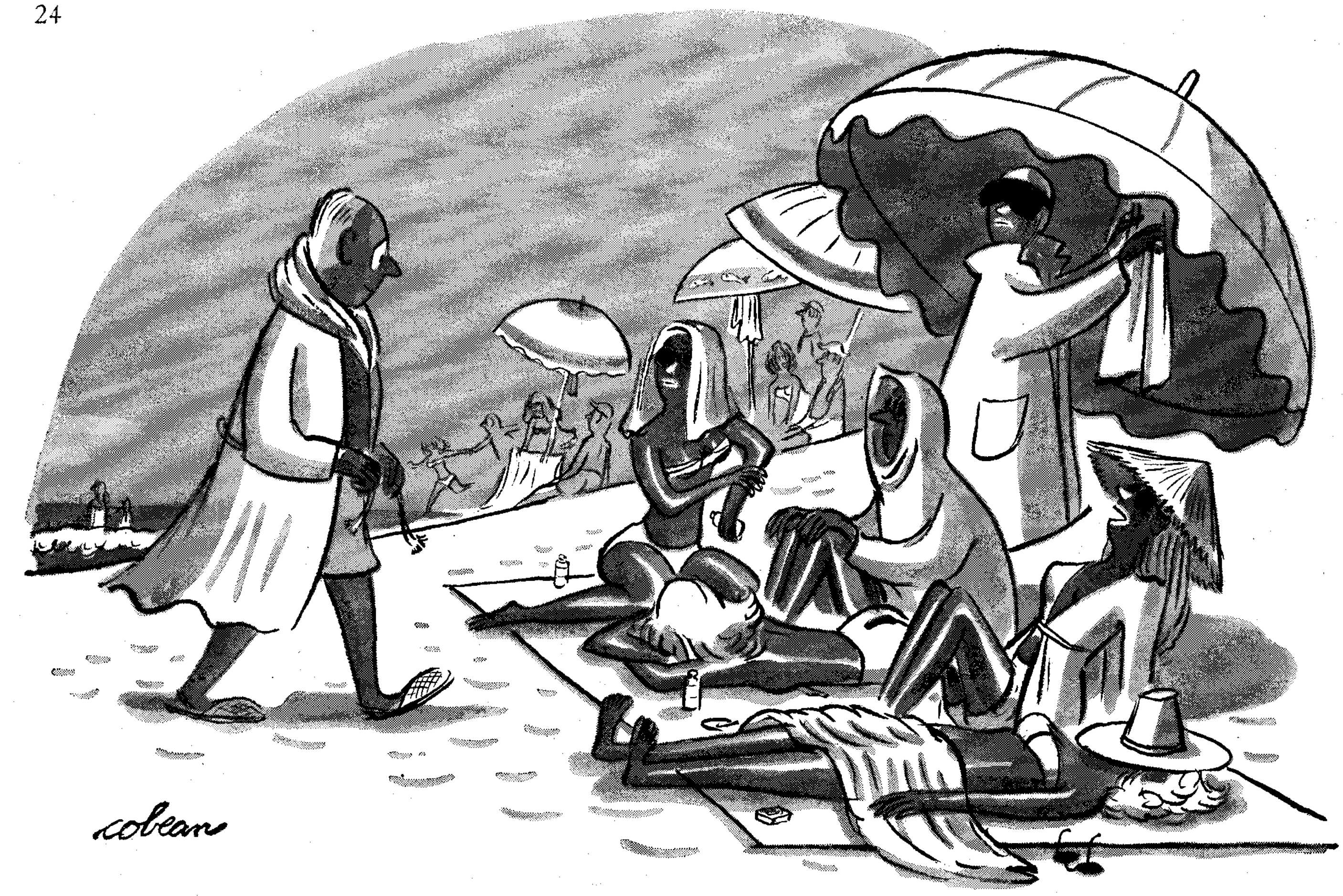
THROUGHOUT the rest of the trip, I was prompt at meals, ate without dawdling, and nearly always got out of the dining saloon without being caught, but Miss Tait was a relentless stalker and she seemed to be able to find me whenever she really wanted to. In the writing room, she told me how she had succeeded in retaining the presidency of the New Romney Historical Association for twenty-seven years, despite occasional strong opposition, and in the Verandah Café she related the full family chronicle of the Twists and the Taits—which I can describe only as being slightly less entertaining than the Old Testament "begat"s.

I think she liked best of all to find me in my deck chair—although I kept a wary lookout and developed a getaway technique, Miss Tait sometimes approached behind a phalanx of other promenaders—and it was while sitting on the footrest that she did Schools, Colonial Governors, and Houses. Each of these topics she treated as determinedly as a *Fortune* writer might have. I don't remember these particular sessions very clearly, but one thing she said the afternoon she did Houses still lingers in my mind. "The Nathaniel Barton house is supposed to have the third-best fanlight in Connecticut, but the sad truth is that a man from New York lives there now."

The nights were best, if one stayed on the sports deck and in the shadows. Even there, however, I occasionally had some bad times. Once, when I was standing at the rail and humming a tune (it happened to be a hymn), Miss Tait suddenly appeared and said, "The choir in Christ Church was singing that, back in 1829, when the Episcopal rector, the Reverend Tobias Scollay, sank back in his chair and died of a heart attack."

This, rather naturally, led her to do Churches.

Another evening, when I was sitting in a deck chair in what I believed was



"Hello, Larry. You know everyone, I suppose?"

total darkness, I saw a loosely packed ice bag silhouetted against the full moon and heard a familiar, nasal voice say, "It's Mr. Parker, isn't it?" How she identified me, I can't imagine, because I was sitting well out of the moonlight.

"Yes."

"I don't believe I've ever told you why I wanted to go to England," she said. "You see, for quite a few years I've been carrying on a correspondence with Mr. Thomas Swallow, of the Leicestershire Antiquarian League—Leicestershire is where the Twists came from, originally—and when I get to England, Mr. Swallow is going to show me the house the original Eliphalet Twist was born in!"

"I see."

"The original Eliphalet is easy enough to track down, but someday you should try to track down the original Hosea. Hosea Tait. He never left *any* clues!"

"He didn't?"

"All we know is that he ran away from Boston because he hated the man he was apprenticed to. Shall I tell you a secret? I feel that I'm more a Twist than a Tait. I always have. Eliphalet interests me a *lot* more than Hosea. Do you know, there used to be a jingle around the time of the Revolution that went:

The Rollinses are sober men,
  The Bartons, too, are godly.
The Taits are silent now and then,
  The Webbs act very oddly.
The Mansons never mend a fence.
  The Geers fight till you part 'em.
The Gatches try to save the pence,
  But all the Twists outsmart 'em.

It's in an old diary that's now the property of the New Romney Historical Association." Possibly sensing that I was about to escape—as, indeed, I was—she placed a detaining hand on my sleeve and relentlessly began Colonial Banking Methods.

Occasionally, I saw something of Mr. and Mrs. Northrup, of Boise, to whom Miss Tait had become fully as frightening as any beast in Revelations. They told me that they were not only getting the works at meals but that she manifested herself unto them at other times, too, even as she did unto me. The Northrups had an additional and rather special problem, I learned. Miss Tait was fond of standing beside their favorite bridge table in the lounge and giving them good, solid facts about New Romney while they were playing.

In the end, it was Mr. Northrup, and not I, who made an attempt to fight back. He failed, but I shall always be grateful to him for trying. It happened just before we disembarked at Southampton. My unhappy friend Gordon and I were standing with the rest of the crowd, waiting for the gangplank to be made fast. A few feet away, Miss Tait was saying firmly to the Northrups, "And when I get to Leicestershire, this Mr. Swallow is going to show me the house in which the original Eliphalet was born!"

"Do you know what you are, Miss Tait?" Mr. Northrup said with unmistakable fury. His breath was short, and I thought his color dangerously high. "You're a regular New Romney *devil!*"

"Why, Mr. Northrup, *you* remember what I told you, and you're trying to make me feel at home!" she said, giving him a positively melting look. "That's the very nicest thing that anybody has said to me since I left New Romney!" —JAMES REID PARKER

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Mrs. Arce said she had hired the man to taint her house at 1456 N. Gordon St. and decided first to ask him to have a few drinks in the kitchen.—*Los Angeles News.*

Well, it's one way to begin.

THE POOL

Kay Allen was making breakfast for her two children when the doorbell rang. She gathered her blue bathrobe around her, brushed a wisp of hair out of her eyes, and opened the door. A blast of heat from the city pavements hit her in the face, and for a moment she could see only the silhouette of the man standing there; then, as her eyes became accustomed to the glare, she saw that he was a Railway Express driver.

"Allen?" he asked, and she nodded.

"Thirty-seven dollars," he read from a slip of paper.

"What's thirty-seven dollars?" Kay asked.

"Your crate. Express collect. Thirty-seven dollars." He held the slip out to her.

"I ordered no crate," she said. "What's in it?"

"Lady, I don't know." The man looked at the slip again. "It comes from the Army-surplus storage warehouse in Cleveland."

"Oh, my God." Kay's shoulders sagged, and she held the door wider. "Come in, and I'll see if I have it." She went to the hall table, found her purse, and looked in it. All she had was nineteen dollars.

"Just a minute," she said, throwing the purse down. "I'll have to go next door." She ran through the house and into a garden, shaded by six ailanthus trees, which was shared by the tenants of the adjoining house. She crossed the garden and entered the Beldens' back door. Virginia Belden had just finished feeding Bobby, her two-year-old.

"Have you got eighteen dollars?" Kay said. "It's come."

"I'll see," said Virginia. "What's come?"

"That rubber pool that Jim and Charlie ordered. That Army water tank. Thirty-seven dollars—collect from Cleveland."

"I had sort of hoped that order would get lost," Virginia said as she looked for her purse. "You're sure that's what it is?"

"I haven't seen it," Kay said, "but I don't know what else it could be. Unless they've ordered a siege gun and haven't told us."

Virginia found her purse and counted out the money. "Charlie was muttering something about a flame-thrower the other day," she said. "But I don't think he was serious."

"I wouldn't bet on it," said Kay, taking the money. "Thanks. I'll pay you when I've been to market." She ran out the door and back to her house, where the Express man was wearily answering questions fired at him by Johnny, her five-year-old. Chris, her two-year-old, was circling the man and beating him with a wooden spoon.

"Here," Kay said, giving him the money. "You can bring it through and leave it in the garden."

"Sorry," the man said as he counted the bills, "but this is just sidewalk delivery. We can't bring it any further." He opened the door and called to his assistant, on the truck, "O.K., Ed, let her go." He went back to the truck, and together the two men eased the twelve-foot-long crate out onto the sidewalk.

"Listen," said Kay, who had followed the man outside, "*I* can't carry that thing in by myself. How much would you—?"

The driver straightened up and wiped his forehead with his arm. "Lady, this thing was weighed in at seven hundred pounds," he said. "It would take five of us to carry it. I'm sorry. Here—if you'll just sign this . . ." He handed Kay the slip of paper and a pencil. "Maybe you can get someone to uncrate it for you here," he added.

Kay looked at him for a moment, then sighed and took the slip from him. As she signed it, a man walked past and stared at her, and she realized that she was still wearing only a bathrobe over her nightgown. She clutched the robe tighter around her, gave the slip to the driver, and darted back into the house.

When she had fed the children and sent them into the garden, she went to the telephone and called her husband. "I just thought I'd warn you to step carefully when you come home tonight," she said. "We have a swimming pool at our front door."

"Oh, it came?" Allen said. "Wonderful."

"I don't know what's wonderful about it," Kay said. "It's blocking the whole sidewalk, and it cost me thirty-seven dollars just to have the men dump it there. I had to borrow eighteen dollars from the Beldens."

"Well, I'll fix that. Can you get it inside?"

"Can *I* get it inside? Look, my love, this thing weighs seven hundred pounds."

"Oh, that's impossible. It must be the crate. Why don't you uncrate it and—"

"Listen," Kay broke in, "this is your baby. If you want to bring the office force home now and take this thing in, fine. Otherwise, it stays where it is."

"O.K." Allen sighed. "Leave it there. Charlie and I'll fix it later."

"Nobody will lay a finger on it," she said. "I promise."

I wonder why she doesn't like it, Allen thought as he hung up. She's always talking about the heat, and yet when we told her about ordering a water-storage tank to cool off in, she just looked exasperated and said nothing. And Virginia Belden didn't seem too pleased, either. Well, once it was set up, the girls wouldn't mind so much. After they had swum in it a couple of times, they'd see what a practical idea it was. Allen adjusted the fan behind him and wished he were home and in the pool.

As Allen approached his house that afternoon, he saw a group of neighborhood children swarming over what looked from a distance like a small freight car on the sidewalk. That can't be it, he thought, but as he got closer, he realized that that was it and that he would be lucky to get it through the door. He stopped and examined it for a moment, then took out his key and went inside.

Kay was in the kitchen. "I suppose you saw it," she said.

"Yes," Allen said, taking off his hat. "We'll have it up in no time. Is Charlie home yet?"

"I don't know. I've been busy. There was a cop around, though, asking who owned it. I told him you did."

"Well, don't worry." Allen took off his coat and tie, tossed them on a chair, and went through the garden to the Beldens' house. Virginia was filling an ice bucket from the refrigerator.

"Hi," Allen said. "Charlie home yet?"

"No, he isn't, Jim," she said, looking up. There was a short silence.

"Did you hear we have a pool?" Allen said brightly.

"Yes. I saw it. It's quite a thing."

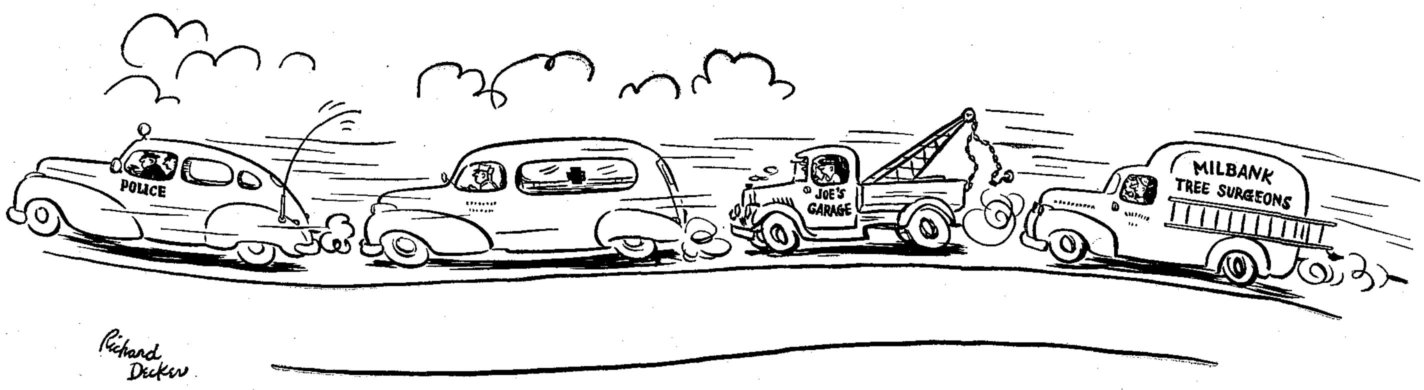
"Well, wait'll we get it set up—" he began, but he stopped as the door opened and Belden came in. The two men looked at each other.

"Big, isn't it?" Belden said.

"Kind of," Allen admitted.

Belden kissed his wife, took off his hat and coat and put them on the sink, and loosened his tie. "Well, let's get at it," he said.

They got Mr. Bannerman, the



newsdealer; Mr. Gresham, the plumber; Mr. Plotnik, the owner of a toy store; and Mr. Prince, the cleaner, and the six men finally managed to lug the crate through the Allens' house and into the garden. On the way, Mr. Prince lost his balance in the entrance hall and toppled sidewise, digging a great chunk of plaster out of the wall with his corner of the crate, and in the dining room Belden caught his foot in a lamp cord and dragged a large, ornate lamp crashing to the floor.

"Never mind the lamp," Allen panted as they staggered into the garden. "Let's set this thing down."

Slowly they eased the crate to the ground; then, painfully, they straightened up and flexed their sore hands. They were drenched with perspiration and breathing in deep gasps. Allen sat down on the crate and wiped his forehead. He was a large, burly man, and his complexion was always slightly florid; now his face was a mottled purple, and his dark hair was stringy and glistening.

"How about a beer?" he said. "I think we've earned it."

The others nodded, and Allen got up and walked slowly into the house, the men following him. Kay, attracted by the noise of the crash, was just coming into the dining room. She looked at the lamp and said nothing.

"I'm sorry," Belden said as he came in from the garden. "I'm afraid that was my fault. I'll get you a new one."

"Don't be silly," Allen said. "I've tripped over the cord a hundred times. It was always in the way." Out of the corner of his eye he saw Kay staring at him, and he turned toward the kitchen. "Come on, gents," he said. "Let's get that beer." They nodded to Kay and trooped after him.

"I'm really sorry," Belden said to her. "I'll take care of it."

"Think nothing of it," she said. "You heard Jim say it was in the way." She knelt down and began to pick up the pieces, and Belden turned and walked into the kitchen.

DINNER was not a particularly gay affair at the Allens' that night. Finally, after two or three of his attempts at conversation had received monosyllabic answers, Allen said plaintively, "I can't understand why you're so down on this pool idea. What possible harm can it do?"

"Well, for just one thing," Kay said, "I'm terrified of the kids' falling into it."

"Why? The sides are five feet high."

"They can climb."

"Well, we'll just forbid them to go near it."

"A lot of good that will do. They're in the garden all day, and they're bound to want to get into it if they see you using it."

"Well, I'll take care of that. I'll fix it so they can't get in."

Kay was silent, and after a moment Allen said, "What else is worrying you?"

"That was the main thing."

"Just wait till we get it up," he said. "You'll see. It'll be wonderful."

"Which brings up another point." Kay's voice was slightly mocking but pleasant. "I bet it'll be Thanksgiving before you get it up. I know you and Charlie."

"What do you mean?"

"Just try to remember all the ideas you and Charlie have had, and then think of how many you've gone through with. You were going to make obscene gnomes and hide them in the rhododendron bushes. You were going to make a treehouse for the children, and a kennel for the dogs. You were going to flood the garden for skating. You were going to make a lifelike dummy and hang it from a tree on Halloween. You were going to set up a basketball court, and then a badminton court. To my knowledge, the only idea you ever went through with was to make a papier-mâché tunnel for Harry's trains. And it took me two days to clean the kitchen after you used the mixer to make the stuff."

"Well, this is different," Allen said defensively. "We've got the pool right here. All we have to do is set it up."

"I know," Kay said. "That's all."

THE next day was Sunday, and Allen and Belden spent most of the day uncrating the pool and setting it up. They broke two hammers and a hatchet in the process, but finally, about dusk, the job was completed. The pool was of black rubberized canvas. It was circular, about twelve feet in diameter, and had five-foot sides that were held upright by wooden slats. These were supported at the top by guy ropes that ran out to steel stakes driven into the ground. The whole assembly took up most of the garden.

Allen, his shirttails hanging out and his face smeared with dirt and perspiration, limped over to the garden hose, which lay coiled under the tap, turned on the water, and carried the squirting hose to the tank. He hung it over the side and took a deep breath.

"That's going to take a hell of a time to fill," Belden said, wiping his face with a soggy, crumpled handkerchief. "What did the ad say it holds? Three thousand gallons?"

"Something like that," Allen said as he peered at the slowly spreading puddle on the bottom of the pool. "But it'll be worth the wait."

Kay came into the garden. She looked cool and beautiful. She had on a black dress with a sloping neckline, and her brown hair was soft and neatly combed.

"Congratulations, men," she said. "I didn't think you had it in you."

"We don't, any more," said Belden.

Allen looked at his wife. "What's the occasion?" he said. "The dress, I mean."

"To go out with you, lover." She smiled. "Both of you. Remember?

We're all invited out to dinner." She looked briefly at the pool, then turned and went into the Beldens'.

Allen and Belden looked at each other. "I forgot all about it," Belden said. "What'll we do about the pool? It'll overflow before we get back."

"I guess we'd better turn it off. We can fill it later on—we may need it."

ALLEN and Belden didn't use the pool that night, but the next afternoon, when they got home from work, they changed into bathing trunks and, feeling somewhat self-conscious, climbed over the edge of the pool and dropped into the water. The water was lukewarm, and there were patches of soot on the surface.

"Hot dog!" Allen said, sloshing water on his shoulders. "This is it."

"You bet." Belden fell forward, swam two strokes, and was at the other side of the pool. He stood up and spit out a mouthful of stale water. "Better than a shower, any day," he said, picking up a dead caterpillar and flicking it over the side.

The door of the Beldens' house burst open, and Harry, their eight-year-old, came leaping out. He was followed by his small brother and the two Allen children. "May I come in the pool, Dad?" he asked breathlessly.

"No," said Belden. "It's too deep for you."

"Aaah, I can swim."

"That doesn't make any difference. It's too deep."

"Mother said I could if you said I could."

"Well, I tell you it's too deep."

Harry turned dejectedly away, and Johnny Allen took up the cry. "I want to go in the pool," he said.

"You can't," said Allen.

"Why?"

"Because you're not big enough."

"You're in it."

"Well, I'm bigger than you." Allen suddenly felt a little silly.

"I want to go in the pool."

"All right, then, I'll get *out* of the pool, if that'll make you feel any better." Allen clambered over the edge, and Belden followed him. "Is that better now?"

"Yes," said Johnny. Then, after a pause, "I want to go in the pool."

"Well, you can't." Allen turned and stamped, dripping, into the house.

Kay was mopping up the puddles left on the floor by Allen when she looked into the garden and saw Johnny hanging over the edge of the pool. He had pushed a piece of the crate alongside, climbed on top of it, and was leaning over paddling his hands in the water. Kay rushed out and snatched him down, and he set up a loud and agonized wail.

"That does it," she said. "We're going to drain some of that water off."

She looked around the base of the pool for the valve, found it, and gave it a sharp twist. The water spurted out, and she stepped back. Allen came into the garden, wearing an open-neck shirt and newly pressed slacks. "Hey," he said. "What's going on?"

"Johnny almost fell in the pool, that's what's going on," Kay said.

Allen turned to Johnny. "I told you to keep away from that," he snapped.

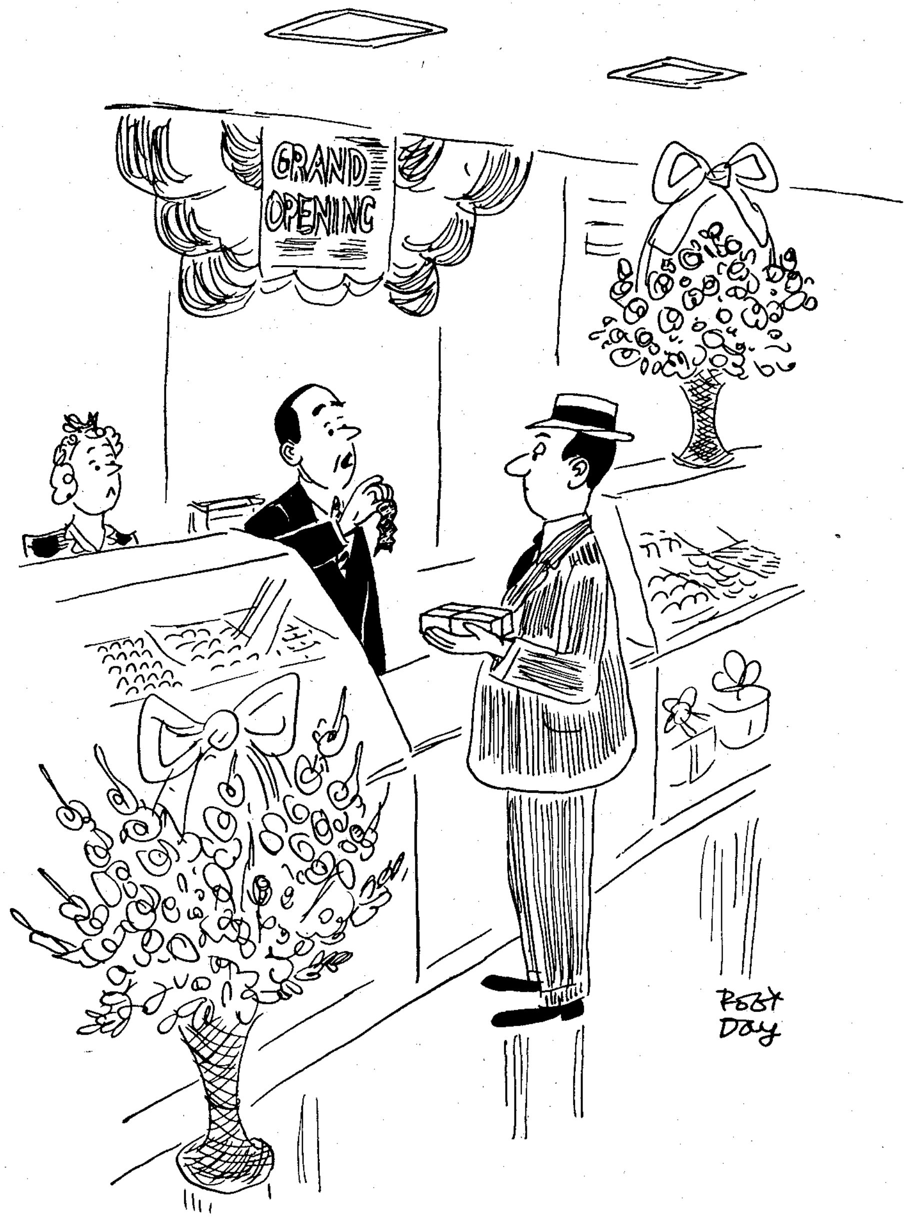
"Look." Kay was controlling herself with effort. "You might as well face it—a five-year-old child is going to do what he wants when there's nobody around. We're going to drain enough water out of this thing so it won't matter *who* falls in. Is that clear?"

"Sure it's clear." Allen surveyed the pond that was creeping through the garden from the gushing valve. "But it seems a shame to wreck the pool for everybody else." Suddenly he brightened. "I tell you what," he said. "Suppose we build a guardrail around the edge—"

"The day you get that guardrail built and can prove nobody can fall over it, then we'll talk about putting the water back in," Kay said. "And by that time we'll be able to skate on it."

"Well, God," Allen said plaintively, "I can't do *every*thing at once." A door slammed behind him, and he looked around and saw that Kay was gone. He turned to Johnny, who was standing by the pool sniffling. "One of these days, you're going to learn some obedience," he said.

Belden came out of his house and



"You haven't got a crisper one, have you? This is our first dollar and we're framing it."

looked at the rapidly flooding garden. “What cooks?” he asked.

“We're draining some water off,” Allen said, looking at Johnny, “until my son, here, learns to do as he's told.” Johnny began to cry again. “Shut up or go in the house,” Allen said. Johnny turned and walked slowly toward the house.

“I suppose we ought to try to channel this water down the drain,” Belden said, taking off his shoes. “Otherwise it'll flood everything.”

Allen looked at the small drain gutter between the two houses. “I guess you're *right*.” He sighed and began to unlace his shoes.

INSIDE, Kay went to the third floor, emptied the hamper in the children's room, and took the laundry down to the basement. Her hands shook as she opened the washing machine, and she suddenly wanted to sit down. Her main feeling was one of rage, and although she knew it was rage prompted by fear, she didn't trust herself to speak to anybody until she had calmed down a little. She sat on a stool and lit a cigarette. After a while, she was aware of a gurgling noise, and, looking down, she saw water rising through the drain in the laundry floor. It bubbled up and spread slowly across the cement, then widened into a pool, the edges of which lapped the corners of the room and fingered out through the door. Kay took a deep drag on her cigarette, stood up, and walked quietly up the stairs. In the dining room, she saw Johnny standing tearfully in a corner.

“What's the matter?” she asked.

“Daddy told me to shut up,” he sniffed.

Her hand was on the garden door, and she stopped. “He did?” she said. She glanced back once at the cellar stairs, then walked over and took Johnny in her lap. “Tell me about it,” she said. For a few minutes, she comforted Johnny, and then, after another look at the cellar, which was by now an inch deep in water, she went into the garden. Allen and Belden were wading around, scooping channels in the gravel with the children's shovels. Kay watched them for a moment. “The cellar's flooded,” she announced, finally.

Allen put down his shovel and stared at her. “It's *what*?” he said.

“Flooded.” She pronounced the word carefully. “The drain's backing up.”

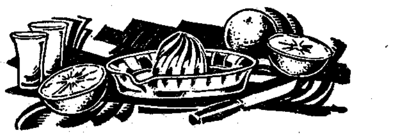
“Oh, for God's sakes.” Allen splashed over to the pool and closed the valve.

“It's a little late for that,” Kay said. “You might as well let out all you're going to.”

Allen looked into the pool. “There's only about a foot left,” he said. “That'll do.” He tightened the valve and ran toward the house.

Kay looked at him as he went past her. “I'll say this for that pool,” she said sweetly. “It keeps a man busy.”

WITH only a foot of water in the pool, it was deemed safe for the children to play in, and two guy ropes were loosened and one side partially collapsed, to make it easier for them to climb in. The two-year-olds were never allowed in without supervision, and the collapsed side was still high enough so that they couldn't climb in unassisted. Kay nevertheless watched them almost constantly, doing her housework with one eye on the garden windows; she never felt completely at ease unless she knew that Chris and Bobby were in the house. Gradually, the pool collected an assortment of matter, buoyant and otherwise. On the surface floated three red rubber balls, one waterlogged tennis ball, various plastic bathtub toys, and an old straw hat of Allen's; on the bottom could be found the heavier toys, a



BERMUDA

Beach house, cabaña, bungalow, hotel,
Your walls are weathered by a warped pastel
Too delicate for sea gulls to detect;
The run-on blues, the pinkish wrecks
Rattle the air in plaster, coral,
While listless birds attack a wall,
Adding themselves to the dim graffiti,
Sometimes obscene, and sometimes witty.

Each morning the landscape seems to be drugged.
Could that quiet bay, overnight, have dragged
A sea's museum for its salty tortures?
What we see, from widow walks and porches,
Is a coastal life of minute reverses:
An orange mothering a withered eel,
Dead coral hardened to the finest brain,
And primary colors, after the rain.

The tourist searches for his private symbol,
Vaguely hostile, like a water pistol.
Which is suspicious? Which is correct?
A mirror fragment on the whirling back
Of a Negro dancer, or the plush décor
Of an Empire widow serving tea at four?
Scrawled in chalk in an alleyway:
“Shoeshine 10c As Good As Broadway.”

Contradiction in terms: a stage set struck
By lightning, the trees, a deaf-mute's joke,
Felt but not heard; the unspoken word
Shouted in a theatre of pastels.
The sea's catastrophes are witticisms,
Heard from a distance, over littered miles.
How can we believe in its total horror,
This hurricane in an ice-cream parlor?

From steeples made of papier-mâché
The bell tongues clang, “Relent, Relent”—
As if the sea could condemn or pardon
Itself, the weather, or a crazy garden;
At five o'clock, what the wind is doing
Is semitropical brewing, brewing,
Now calm, now furied, as if it had intent,
And would push its finger through a monument.

—HOWARD MOSS

• •

dozen Coke bottles and empty beer cans, a trowel, a rake, and the broken hammer and hatchet heads. Whenever anything was missing from the kitchen, Kay always looked in the pool first; spoons, knives, can openers, and, once, the orange-juice squeezer, worked their way into it. The water, naturally, did not stay clean very long; soot filmed the surface, and with this was mixed a representative collection of dog hairs, tree droppings, and, on the bottom, gravel. At the end of a week, Johnny came down with pinkeye, and one night Allen, who had nostalgically decided to go wading, stepped on the rake in the pool and developed a secondary infection in his left foot.

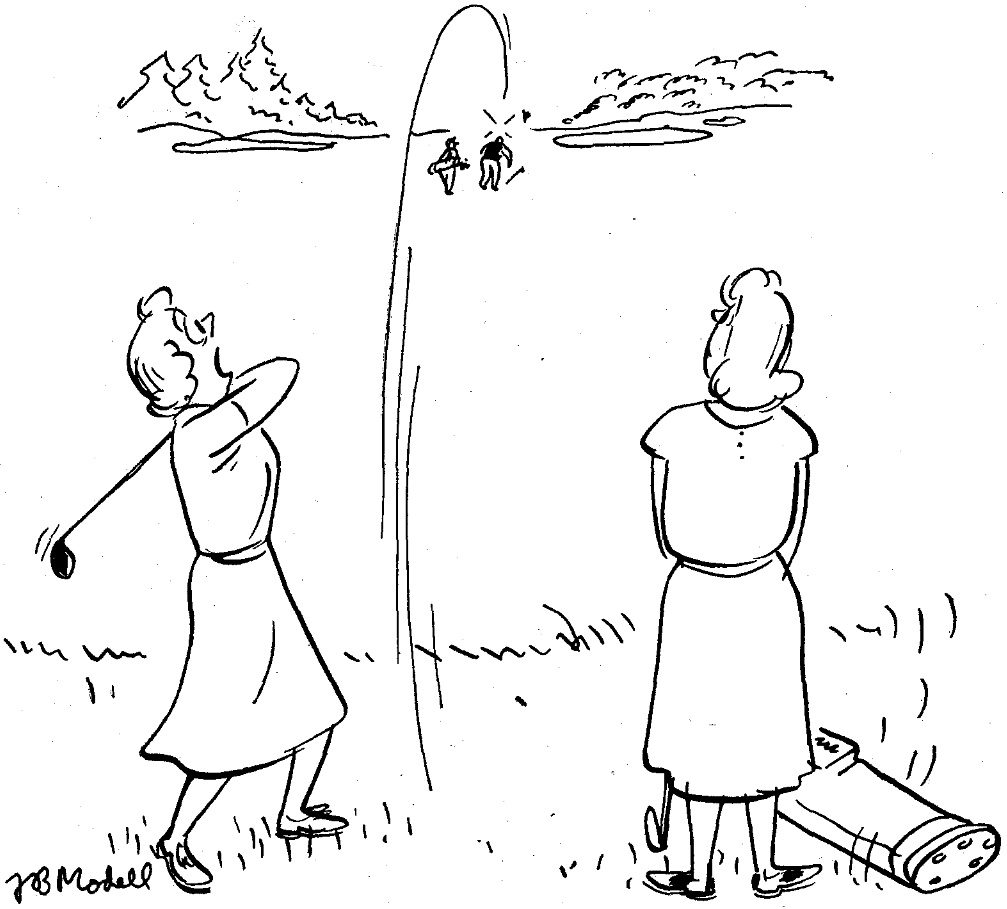
Finally, the inevitable happened. Kay and Virginia were sitting in the garden one afternoon, drinking iced coffee and watching Bobby and Chris, who were tottering around examining bits of gravel and winding string about each other.

"Is that a new watch?" Kay said, looking at the tiny clump of gold on Virginia's wrist.

"Yes," said Virginia, holding out her hand. "Charlie gave it to me for our anniversary."

"It's beautiful." Kay stopped as she heard Chris's voice, with a queer, frantic note in it, saying, "Bobby! Bobby!" She whirled and looked, and all she saw was Bobby's feet kicking above the edge of the pool. She reached him in one leap and grabbed his feet and pulled him out of the water. His head had been completely under, and as she seized him and held him upside down, he gave a gasping cry and water cascaded from him. Virginia held his head and pounded his back until he regained his breath, and then they set him down and Virginia put her arms around him and comforted him. She had to sit to do it, because suddenly her legs were like pieces of string.

Kay grasped the side of the pool and closed her eyes until her heart stopped pounding; then, slowly, she opened her eyes and looked at the pool. Trembling, she turned and walked into the kitchen, found a large carving knife, and took it back to the garden. She selected a guy rope, held it with one hand, and slashed it with the knife. She had to slash it twice before it parted, but she severed the next with one stroke, and as she walked around the pool, the sides collapsed slowly behind her and the pool crumpled and folded together like some large, dying animal, and the water hemorrhaged out and spilled onto the gravel. Finally, with just one guy rope left, Kay stopped and looked at the small section of pool it supported. Using all her strength, she jabbed the knife into the rubber, wrenched it loose and jabbed again, and then, almost primly, cut the guy rope, and there was a plop and the pool lay flat.



"Oh dear! FORE!"

Allen, just home from work, looked through the dining-room windows and saw Kay and Virginia walking around the mass of wet rubber, pulling the stakes out of the ground and throwing them aside. He started to go into the garden and then hesitated and stood in the door and watched as they took off their shoes, then pulled the slats out of the grooves in the sides of the pool and stacked them in a pile. Next, tugging and straining, they rolled the pool in a large ball, which they pushed off to one side of the garden. By the time they had finished, they were laughing. Allen noticed that Bobby and Chris were playing in the side of the garden farthest away from the pool and that Bobby was soaking wet. He looked for a moment at the children, and at the two women, whose laughter now had a hysterical note, and then, quietly, walked to the living room, on the second floor, and sat down and opened his newspaper. In a few minutes, Belden came in and sat down opposite him. They were silent for a while.

"Well," Belden said, at last, "it was a good idea."

"In theory," Allen said.

Belden stood up and walked to the window. "Why couldn't we," he said slowly, "build a kind of square framework out of lumber, with a lot of spray nozzles on it, so that you could stand inside and get a shower from all directions? All we'd need would be some two-by-fours and some nozzles and lengths of hose."

Allen put down his paper and thought for a minute. "By God, it sounds good," he said.

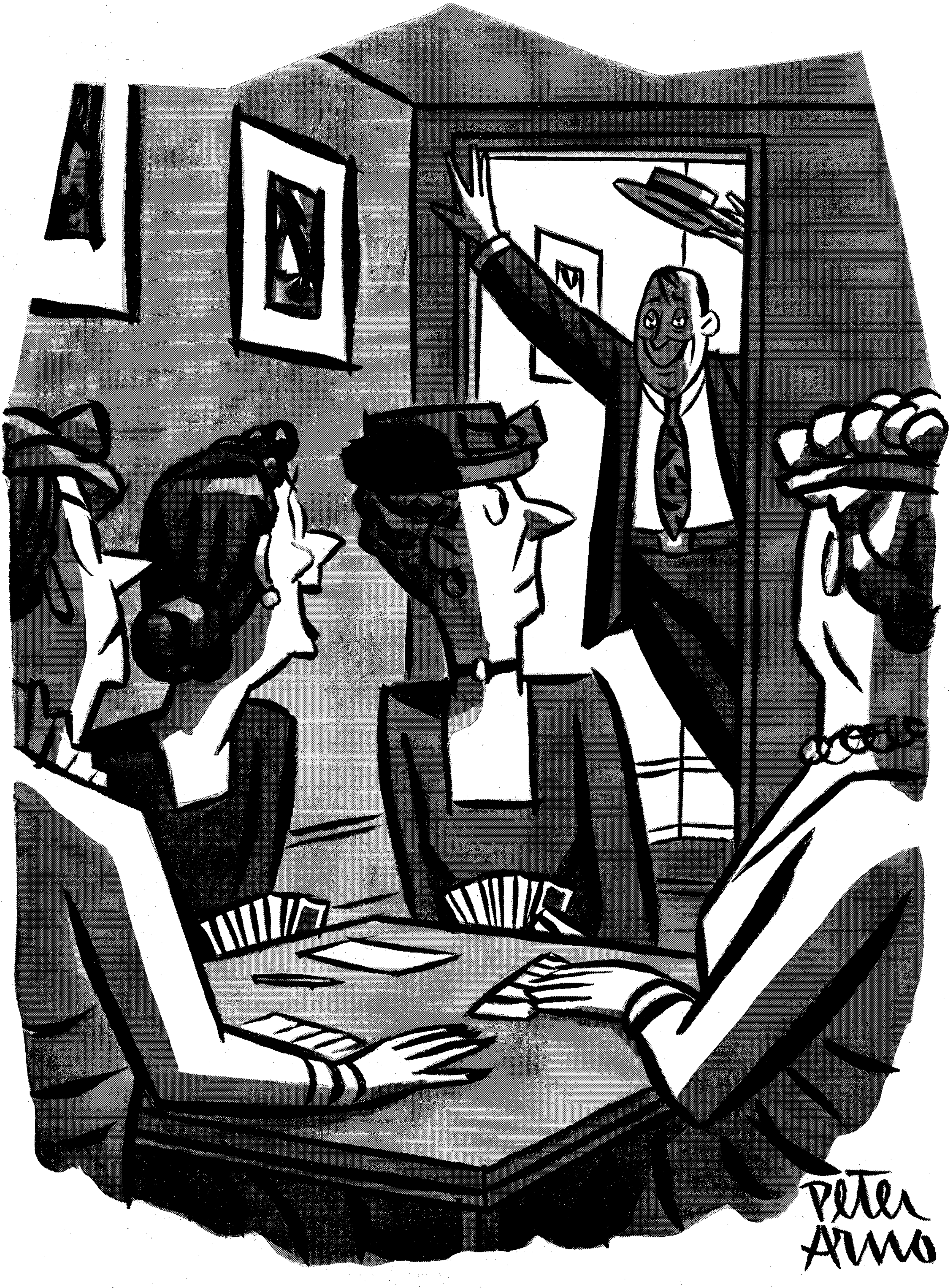
Kay and Virginia came into the room, and stopped as they saw the two men. Allen looked at them.

"Charlie's just had a marvellous idea," he said. "We're going to build an outdoor shower, with spray that hits you everywhere at once. It'll cool you off in no time. And it'll be safe for the children," he said.

The women looked at each other, and then Kay sat down and her face broke into a broad smile. "I think it's perfectly magnificent," she said. "When do you start?"

"As soon as we get the materials," Allen said. "Tomorrow, maybe."

—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY



"Ralph often stops on his way home for a little apéritif."

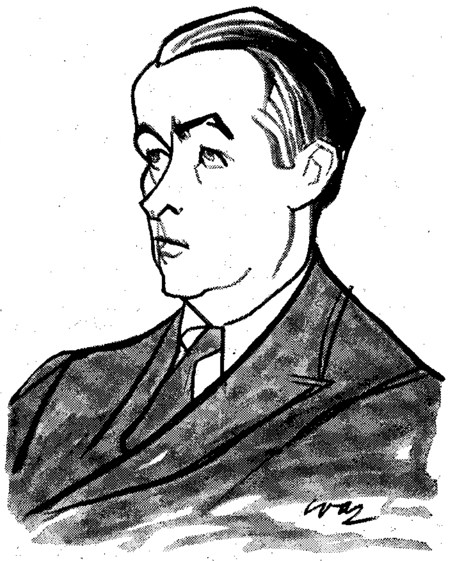
PROFILES

THE STEWARD OF STRAWBERRY HILL—II

WILMARTH S. LEWIS, a fifty-three-year-old Farmington, Connecticut, country squire and trustee of Yale who began to wrap himself up in the eighteenth century twenty-six years ago and has in the intervening time become the world's outstanding authority on, collector of, and promoter of that period's most prolific English letter writer, Horace Walpole, has since 1933 been successfully engaged upon a work of scholarship that is in more than one way without precedent. Not only is "The Yale Edition of Horace Walpole's Correspondence," on which he has been laboring for sixteen years and on which he expects to labor for sixteen more, the most ambitious undertaking of its kind in history but it is unique in that never before has such a vast and erudite enterprise been initiated by a man without so much as an M.A. by way of academic standing. Upon coming to grips with the "Correspondence," Lewis, whose only scholastic credential until that time was a gentlemanly B.A. from Yale, class of '18, set about doing everything he could to improve his scholastic position, short of going through the drudgery of earning a postgraduate degree. "I wanted to be a member of the faculty and call it the Yale Edition," he says, "but I had never gone through the wickets." Lewis, who is known to his associates as Lefty—a holdover from his undergraduate days, when his classmates conferred that nickname upon him because he was so unlike a contemporary gangster called Lefty Louie—went through the first wicket in 1933, by getting appointed a research associate in the Yale Library and thus achieving faculty status. A man of independent, inherited means, he waived the customary salary. Since then, in addition to becoming a Yale trustee, he has for one year taught a postgraduate course in "Horace Walpole's England" at Yale, received an honorary M.A. from the institution, and picked up a couple of Litt.D.s, from Brown and the University of Rochester.

Lewis, a native of California who has spent the better part of his life in and around New Haven, is a showman as well as a scholar and collector. For his "Correspondence" project—fifty or more exhaustively annotated volumes, of which fourteen have already been published—he dreamed up an Advisory Committee, part American and part British, which numbers eighteen men, among them Professors Chauncey Brewster Tinker and Frederick A. Pottle, both Yale specialists on the eighteenth century; Thornton Wilder; Sir Henry Hake, director of the National Portrait Gallery, in London; and Sir Owen Frederick Morshead, librarian to King George VI at Windsor Castle. This group is calculated not only to advise Lewis but to give pause to scholars everywhere. A list of its members appears in each volume of the "Correspondence" and on a letterhead that Lewis and his co-editors use for all correspondence bearing on the "Correspondence." "I invented this wonderful committee," Lewis told a friend the other day, gazing affectionately at his business stationery. Morshead subscribes to the Edition for his employer, paying the standard price of ten dollars a copy, and this has enabled Lewis to place the name of King George VI at the head of a list of subscribers that is also printed in each installment of the work. The King's name appears in slightly larger type than the names of Thomas R. Coward, Howard L. Goodhart, Lauder Greenway, Lord Kenyon, the Boston Athenaeum, thirty-seven state universities, and so forth, which follow alphabetically. A few years ago, Lewis, having learned, through one of the many collateral English descendants of Walpole he knows, that Queen Mary had expressed an interest in the "Correspondence," had a set of complimentary volumes sent to her, but she returned them, along with word, relayed by a lady in waiting, that her son owned the books and that she could look at them at his place. "She probably had no idea there were so many of them, with so many more to come," Lewis says. "I suppose she didn't want to be indebted to me for what might in the long run turn out to be a five-hundred-dollar present."

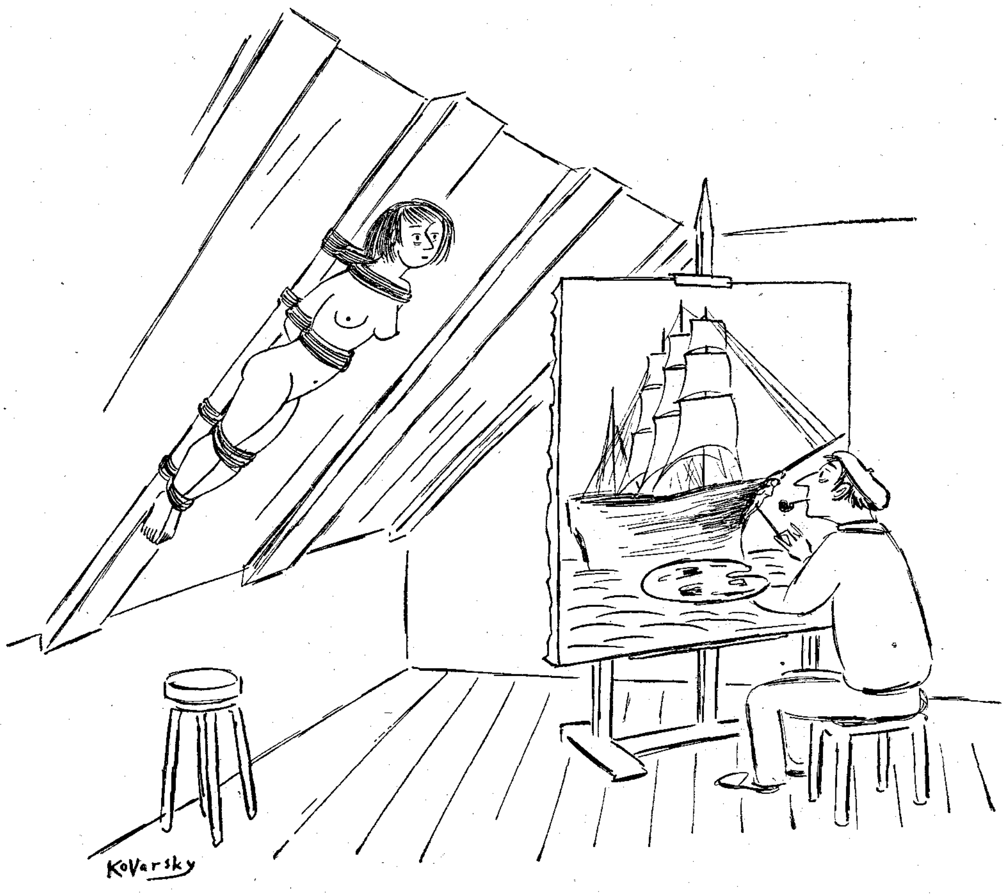
THE Lewis project, generally referred to by him and his staff as "the Walpole factory," has its headquarters in the Yale Library. Its chief associate editor is Warren H. Smith, a Yale graduate (class of 1927) and Ph.D. who hails from Geneva, New York, and is the author of "Architecture in English Fiction," a novel called "The Misses Elliot of Geneva," and "An Elegant but Salubrious Village," a history of his home town. Smith's major colleagues are George Lam, a Hungarian-born Cornell Ph.D. who plays double bass in the New Haven Symphony Orchestra; Charles H. Bennett, who helped Professor Pottle edit Boswell's "The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides;" and Grover Cronin, Jr., an Oxford graduate and part-time professor of English literature at Fordham University. These men, whose labors continue the year around, are assisted during the college season by a number of Yale undergraduates, as researchers. The staff, in the pursuit of its goal, is required to consult thousands of volumes bearing upon the eighteenth century, and the large room in which it toils is lined with such books, most of them borrowed from the stacks of the Yale Library and some from Lewis's collection in Farmington. One wall of the room is partially covered by a huge piece of cardboard on which Smith has worked out a family tree tracing Walpole and Sir Horace Mann, an important Walpole correspondent, back through twenty or more generations to Henry III. Smith keeps adding to the tree, which now contains about three hundred names. The piece of cardboard is almost full, and he is thinking of running his genealogical tour de force over onto the wall. Lewis's assistants are enormously resourceful, single-minded, and learned.



Wilmarth S. Lewis

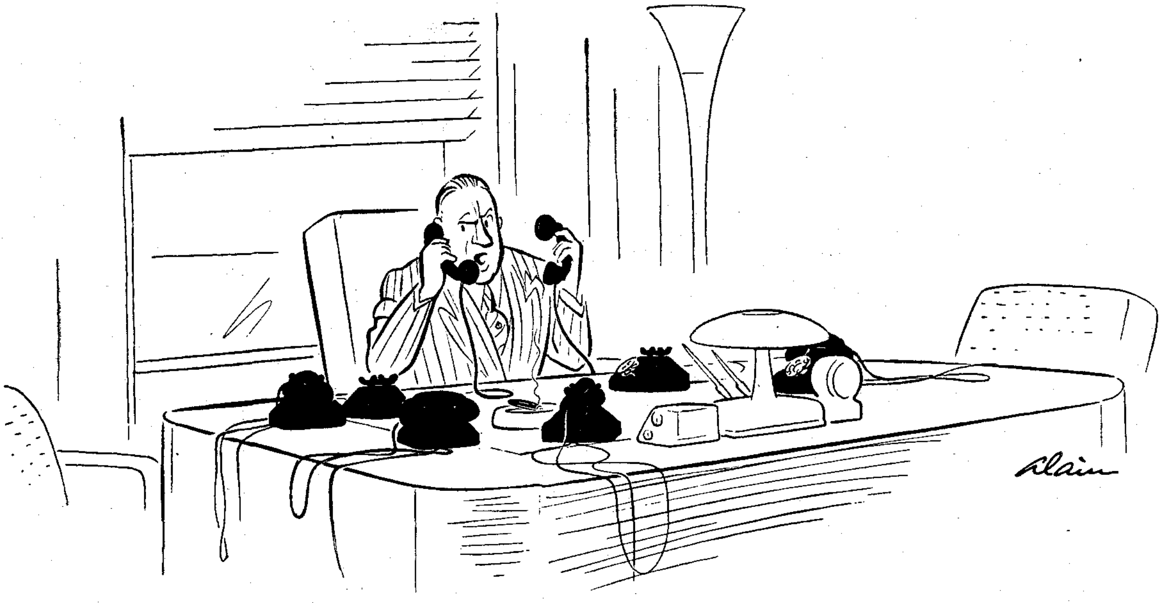
Lewis visits his staff once or twice a week, driving over from nearby Farmington, where he lives with his wife—the former Annie Burr Auchincloss, whose grandfather was one of the founders of Standard Oil and who has substantially endowed the "Correspondence"—and bringing with him Walpole letters and copies of the factory's footnotes that he has edited or rewritten. One day, Lam presented to him for his signature three requests for information directed to European sources. One, in German, was to the head of the Bavarian State Library, in Munich; another, in Italian, was to the librarian of the University of Bologna; the third, in Latin, was to the cardinal in charge of the Vatican Library. Lewis signed them admiringly. His co-editors are grateful to him for enabling them to live in the eighteenth century on a full-time, salaried basis. "Lefty's people are devoted to him," Professor Tinker has said. "They live dedicated lives. They just *burrow* into documents for Lefty. It is amazing." Smith has worked on the Walpole project since 1934, except for time out for war service. He was somewhat taken aback when, after engaging him in the fall of that year, Lewis, whose last personal recollections of a salary were twelve years old at the time, said vaguely that his chief editor might expect a pay check around February. Smith suggested a monthly payment arrangement similar to that enjoyed by the Yale faculty. "Do you mean to tell me Mr. Tinker gets paid *monthly*?" said Lewis, half in earnest.

Because Walpole, from his London home and from his nearby villa, Strawberry Hill, maintained long correspondences with many people, in one instance over a period of forty-five years, Lewis is keeping the letters to and from his various friends separate—Walpole to and from the Reverend William Cole, Walpole to and from George Montague, Walpole to and from Mann, and so on. When the fatter correspondences have been processed, the remainder may be lumped together chronologically, or perhaps according to subject matter; Lewis hasn't decided yet. He assigns each correspondence to a single editor or, sometimes, to a couple of editors. For example, Smith, who spent five years on six volumes of correspondence, most of it in French, between Walpole and Mme. du Deffand, a French noblewoman famous for her salons, is now, in collaboration with Lam, buckling down to the Mann series, which will run to ten or twelve books. The indexes and notes of the "Correspondence" occupy almost as much space as the correspondence itself. In connection with the Mann-Walpole exchange, Smith and Lam have so far made thirty thousand separate notations, on thirty thousand separate pieces of paper, for possible footnote use. All contemplated annotations are taken by Lewis to Farmington, where he prunes, amplifies, rewrites, kills, or approves them as is. As a scholar, he is regarded as a supreme Walpolian, a reasonably well-informed eighteenth-century man, and no hack. "He's a good example of the amateur scholar in a rather restricted field, but outside of that area his knowledge of English history is not profound," one eighteenth-century authority has stated, and another: "Lefty is fascinated by the apparatus of scholarship; his taste and the imaginative intelligence he brings to bear in the application of sources are superb, but he leaves the drudgery to others." "His hand is everywhere, in every footnote," one of his co-workers has said. "He cuts out irrelevancies and brightens up pedestrianisms."



Lewis has also brightened up academic life in New Haven. Usually, when a new "Correspondence" volume or series of volumes is published, he gives a dinner for his staff, the local Advisory Committeemen, and other Yale dignitaries. At these fixtures, which are generally held at the New Haven Lawn Club, he serves the best of wines and delivers the most graceful of speeches. His Walpolianism does not preclude his being tolerant of specialists in Samuel Johnson, a man Walpole detested. Last September, on the two-hundred-and-thirty-ninth anniversary of Johnson's birthday, Lewis was one of several after-dinner speakers at a commemorative shindig attended by sixty people at the home of a leading New Haven Johnsonian. It was a black-tie event, but Lewis showed up in mufti. When his turn came to speak, late in the evening, he explained that he had got mixed up—that he had thought he was to address several hundred scholars at the Yale Library. Waving a tremendous sheaf of notes, he observed that, owing to his having mistaken the nature of the occasion, he had prepared a talk that was much too long. He then entertained the gathering with ten minutes of witty, extemporaneous remarks. "Lefty retired into the spotlight and shrank into the cynosure of all eyes," a fellow-guest said later. "It was a brilliant performance." In great demand as a speaker, Lewis now and then talks under the auspices of such institutions as the Elizabethan, Grolier, and Century Clubs; the Morgan Library; the Redwood Library, at Newport; Miss Porter's School, at Farmington, of which he is a trustee; and the Yale secret society Scroll and Key, of which he is an extremely loyal member. He rehearses his speeches for days and delivers them with an impromptu air. Next to a dread of being bored himself, his greatest fear is that he may bore someone else. He doesn't like listeners to fall asleep when he is talking. "I always go in early and turn off all the radiators and open the windows, so people won't doze off," he says.

To save space in annotating the "Correspondence," Lewis and his team resort to a number of abbreviations. Thus, "HW's copy was sold SH v. 141, and another edition . . . was sold SH v. 240. The latter is now WSL" means "Horace Walpole's copy was sold at the Strawberry Hill sale, fifth day, lot 141, and another edition . . . was sold at the Strawberry Hill sale, fifth day, lot 240. The latter is now in the possession of W. S. Lewis." Lewis's initials, which, naturally, recur frequently, are, whether for reasons of modesty or of distinction, printed in smaller type than the capital letters used elsewhere.



"Damn it, Operator! I keep getting myself!"

The annotation of the Walpole correspondence is one of the prodigies of the scholarly world. It identifies a vast cast of characters with succinct, detailed biographies. It corrects factual errors made by Walpole and his correspondents, as in this instance:

> Text: Mr. George Herbert died in 1635.
> Note: Cole is mistaken: Herbert died in 1633.
> Text: Monday, Milton, June 18, 1771.
> Note: Cole originally wrote "Monday, Milton, June 17, 1771," which is correct; he then changed the date to June 18 without changing the day to Tuesday.

It calls attention to exaggeration, thus:

> Text: Dear Sir, Nothing but sheer idleness has kept me from writing to you these six months.
> Note: A *façon de parler;* Cole's last letter was written only ten weeks before.

It checks up on the fulfillment of expressed intentions:

> Text: I [Walpole] have some thoughts, as soon as I am able, of removing to Bath.
> Note: He did not go.

> Text: *Je* [Mme. du Deffand] *suis bien déterminée à ne plus avoir de chiens.*
> Note: D [Lewis's annotatory abbreviation for Mme. du Deffand] failed to keep this resolve.

> Text: *Cette lettre ne sera pas fermée que je jetterai . . . au feu . . . celle que vous écrivez à la grand'maman.*
> Note: HW to Mme. de Choiseul 28 Jan. 1771. D did not throw it in the fire; it is now in the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York.

> Text: I am determined to forbid myself lamentations that would weary you.
> Note: HW's determination frequently failed him.

It sometimes tries to read the minds of Walpole and his friends:

> Text: *Nos femmes écrivent sur la république.*
> Note: HW doubtless has in mind Mrs. Catherine Macaulay's eight-volume History of England, noted for its radical point of view.

> Text: *Qu'est-ce c'est que cette petite boîte que Milord Beauchamp m'a remise de votre part? Je* [Mme. du Deffand] *ne l'ai point ouverte; on dit que c'est de la poudre pour les dents; ce ne peut pas être pour moi.*
> Note: Probably because she had no teeth left. A popular tooth powder at this time was made from pulverized cork; another was made from burnt bread (Dr. John Hunter, Treatise on the Natural History of the Human Teeth, 1771-8, Chapter V).

It scotches rumors, as when Mme. du Deffand quotes the Neapolitan envoy to France as saying that he saw General Henry S. Conway, a cousin of Walpole's, drunk, and that "*tous les Anglais du plus grand monde . . . s'enivrent tous les soirs,*" and a note observes, of the reference to Conway, "There is no other record of this, and Conway was a man of temperate habits," and a second, of the reference to the English: "Another exaggeration."

It nails down unfulfilled hopes, as when, in a letter dated December 29, 1777, Mme. du Deffand asks Walpole to remember her to Lord Ossory, and a note states, "HW wrote to Lord Ossory, 8 Jan. 1778, but did not mention D."

It rebuts mistaken conjecture:

> Text: The 27th . . . is expected to produce fearful events.
> Note: Nothing unusual occurred.

It occasionally suggests a cozy agreement with the writer. When Mme. du Deffand advises Walpole that he shouldn't believe she is eating too little, a note supports her:

> It is not likely that D was undernourished. . . . D's letters and journals often indicate indiscretions at the table, followed by repentance and purgatives.

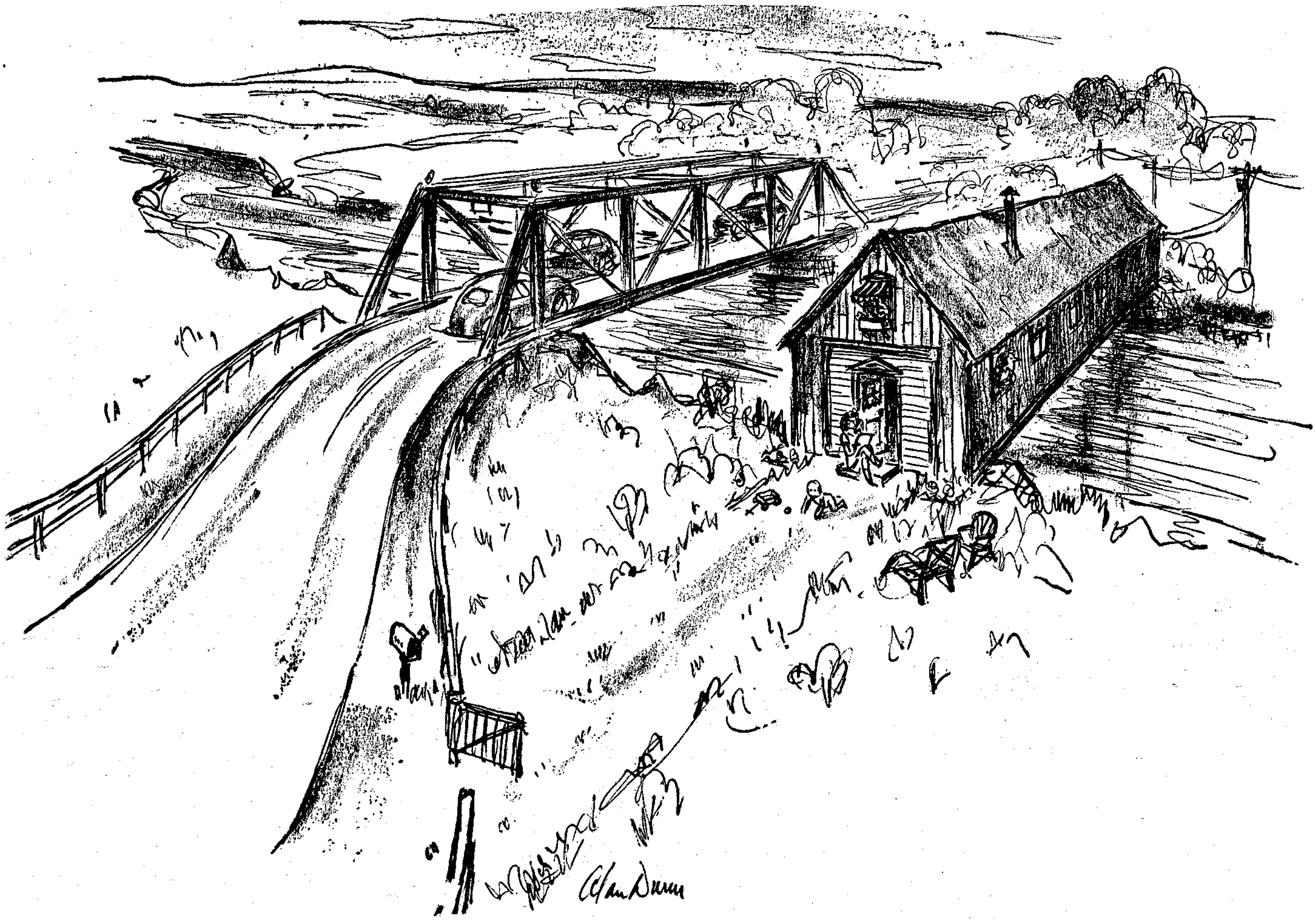
It doesn't permit loose references to people to leave the reader's curiosity unsatisfied. For example, when Mme. du Deffand says that she is resolved to follow her great-aunt's maxim to live from day to day and take people as they come, the following note deals with her unnamed kinswoman:

> Probably Louise-Françoise Bouthillier de Chavigny (ca. 1634-1722), m. Philippe Clerembault, Comte de Palluau; she was a sister of D's maternal grandmother. She seems to have been the only great-aunt who was living during most of D's youth.

The identifying of unnamed persons in the "Correspondence" is sometimes an even more elaborate nomenclatural chore, but the Walpole factory hands do not boggle. An allusion by Mme. du Deffand to a book of seven comedies written by a Comtesse de Genlis for the education of her two children (not named) caused Dr. Smith to wind up and throw the following across the plate:

> Caroline-Charlotte-Jeanne-Séraphine Brulart de Genlis (d. 1786), m. (1780) Charles-Ghislain-Antoine-François de Paule-Armand de la Woestyne de Becelaere, Marquis de la Woestyne; and Edmée-Nicole-Pulchérie Brulart de Genlis (1767-1847), m. (1784) Jean-Baptiste-Cyrus-Marie-Adélaïde de Timbrune-Thiembronne, Comte de Valence (divorced, 1793) (Woelmont de Brumagne iii. 397, 800).

Lewis, who likes to call himself "Walpole's trainbearer," doesn't take it lying down when, as infrequently happens, a Walpole correspondent directs a crack at the master of Strawberry Hill. Mme. du Deffand, twenty years



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Walpole's senior, was sixty-eight and blind when she first met him and conceived an unrequited passion for him. Perhaps because Walpole felt that publication of his letters to her would reveal a certain unkindness in his attitude (he relished her gossip about French society but cautioned her never to intrude any personal sentiments), he arranged to have nearly everything he wrote her retrieved and destroyed after her death. As a result, in the du Deffand volumes, Lewis and his editors feel an obligation to reply *for* him when the occasion seems to them to call for rebuttal. They are, perhaps, a little touchy. "*Vos estampes, vos médailles, vos fabliaux,*" Mme. du Deffand wrote Walpole on March 22, 1780, "*toutes ces choses ne sont bonnes que parce qu'elles font variété.*" "There is no evidence," a note states, "that HW was more concerned with these things at this time than he had been for the past forty years." And to a du Deffand sally at Walpole apropos of Lady Diana Beauclerk, a recent widow seventeen years Walpole's junior, that reads, "*Ne serez-vous point tenté de devenir le troisième mari de la nouvelle veuve?*," the annotation counters, "She was a neighbour of HW's at Twickenham, but D was doubtless well scolded for so fantastic a suggestion."

Many of the notes reflect a rather specialized kind of research, as, for example:

> Text: [Montague to Walpole, ca. June 13, 1765] I . . . could only rejoice that there had been a revolution, as a Sussex man is of a storm.
>
> Note: Because of the possibility of a wreck to be looted. Despoiling of wrecked ships, often accompanied by neglect, or worse, of their crews, persisted throughout the 18th century to such an extent that severe legislation was directed against the practice in 1752. It does not appear that Sussex was pre-eminent above other maritime counties in the practice; see Noël T. Methley, The Life-Boat and Its Story, 1912, pp. 21-39; A. K. H. Jenkin, Cornish Seafarers [1932], pp. 85-119.

Walpole's trainbearer hasn't much patience with people who are against footnotes and indexes. "I hope those readers who dislike footnotes will forgive me for making so many," he wrote in a preface to "Three Tours Through London," a volume, written in 1941 and studded with references to Walpole, in which he reconstructed much of the London scene in 1748, 1776, and 1797. "A book of this character is rubbish without them. I hope, too, that they will not mind having them at the foot of the page, where they belong. Nothing, I think, is more irritating than the practice of hiding the notes at the back of the book so as not to distract the attention of readers of delicate concentration. Nothing is better reading (except a good index) than footnotes, and it is monstrous to keep them out of sight as if they were poor or idiotic relations whose existence must be kept from the knowledge of callers in the parlour." Each of the Walpole correspondences is to be indexed, and Lewis plans a four- or five-volume master index to wind up the project, along with a volume of "Addenda and Corrigenda." Indicating the sort of thing that may be expected, the du Deffand index occupies 342 pages. It contains, under the heading "Walpole, Horatio (Horace) [HW] (1717-1797)," such items as:

> clothes of, stolen
> frank
> gay
> handshake of
> hates human race
> irony favorite weapon of

This index also contains an item that the Walpole factory hands are inclined to regard as unusually fine. It appears under the heading "Vichy-Champrond, Marie de [Mme. du Deffand's maiden name] (1696-1780), health of," and, accompanied by references to appropriate pages of the five preceding volumes, proceeds to list "aphasia; apoplexy;

blindness; boils; catarrh; colic; deafness; fainting; fall and subsequent pains; feebleness; fever; fidgets; flux; fluxion; gout; grippe, HW's concern for; headache; heart, oppression of; indigestion; insomnia; legs not good; loss of voice; medicine taken by; noise in the head; regimen; stays in bed; tumour; vapours; weak." It lists thirty-nine references to "indigestion," covering a period of twelve years, and a hundred and ninety-six references to "insomnia," covering fourteen years. All in all, it is an example of the kind of editing that once caused an admirer of the "Correspondence" to say, "Lefty couldn't have done a better job if he had been a poor man."

Lewis has suffered only two real interruptions to his Walpole work during the sixteen years he has been engaged in it. In 1947, he had an operation on his right eye to repair a detached retina. He had to lie practically motionless, both eyes masked, for four weeks, and then for three months wore black glasses with tiny transparent apertures, which were gradually enlarged. It was nine months before he was back to normal. His wife, occasionally spelled by Tinker, Pottle, Wilder, and other friends, read to him several hours every day. The other interruption was occasioned by a job in Washington during the war. Brought into the office of the Coördinator of Information by an old Yale friend, Archibald MacLeish, Lewis created the agency's Central Information Division, a library of files filled with all sorts of secret information. In time, after being taken over by the Office of Strategic Services, which absorbed the C.I.D. in 1942, these came to include two hundred thousand documents, indexed and cross-indexed on more than a million three-by-five cards. They were used by O.S.S.'s Research and Analysis Branch, a group largely staffed with historians and economists, who performed, with a competence that drew praise from General Eisenhower, such tasks as compiling, in the order of their importance, a list of bombing targets in Germany. "Lefty's work was just terrific," a former Research and Analysis man has said. "He built up a catalogue that would make you cry, it was so good. Suppose you wanted to get the dope for a general survey of the Balearic Islands. In ten minutes, with a high priority, you could, just by lifting the Balearic cards out of the file, get ninety-eight per cent of all documents bearing on the Balearic Islands in the office. Why, State Department guys would come to us to find out what State itself had—in the way of consular reports, for instance."

Lewis did not permit the war to interfere with the urbane tenor of his ways. He bought a house in Georgetown, gave non-boring dinner parties ("You came away from his place feeling 'This is the life,' " a guest has reported), and smoothed out inter-agency problems at tactful, high-level lunches, which he gave at the Metropolitan Club. Toward the end of 1943, partly for reasons of health, he resigned from government service and returned to Farmington, where he and Mrs. Lewis, who are childless, had ensconced six Oxford-faculty children, along with two of their mothers, in a house the Lewises rented for them.

The Walpole hand lies heavy on Lewis's own house in Farmington. Set back some thirty feet from Main Street, it is a twofold structure, part of it dating from 1784 and part from 1928. The original section, of modest dimensions, contains some Early American moldings that are considered unusually fine. At the rear is a relatively immense extension, in which are Lewis's library and office, several bedrooms, a garage, and a squash court. The newer architecture is so unobtrusive externally that from the front the house, at a casual glance, looks like a dozen other Colonial homes on Main Street. Inside, the Lewis house is a kind of Walpole museum. In addition to books, paintings, and manuscripts relating to the subject, its contents include a gold watch that Walpole left to his literary executrix, Mary Berry; a gold snuffbox bequeathed in 1780 to Walpole by Mme. du Deffand and bearing a wax portrait of Tonton, her pet spaniel; an ebony cabinet designed by Walpole and ornamented with ormolu, lapis lazuli, and pieces of ancient enamel; and a lock of Mme. de Maintenon's hair, which a nun at the convent school of St.-Cyr, an institution founded in 1686 by Mme. de Maintenon for the education of young noblewomen, presented to Walpole in 1769. Lewis keeps this tress in his office, which is fireproof, on the ground that it is inflammable and irreplaceable, but he is in some ways an easygoing curator; the ebony cabinet is full of rubber bands, arrowheads dug up in the garden, and packs of Chesterfields.

Lewis does not precisely think that he is Horace Walpole, as some visitors are said to have assumed, but he has certainly identified himself with Strawberry Hill. The long halls of his house are lined with a selection from his collection of three hundred drawings, prints, and water colors of Walpole's country place or from Walpole's country place, or both, and he is also the possessor of six hundred of the sixty-five hundred books that used to be there. Guided by shelf marks that Walpole's secretary inscribed inside their front covers, Lewis has arranged these volumes, as far as possible, in the positions that, more than a hundred and fifty years ago, they occupied on Walpole's shelves. A third of them contain marginal comments in Walpole's handwriting, many relating to his correspondence, much of which is bookish. Lewis has had these marginalia microfilmed to the tune of six thousand negatives. He has pasted in all of his Walpole books a bookplate carrying the legend "*Ex Museo Arbuteano*," or "From the Strawberry Museum." "This was at Strawberry" is a phrase often on his lips as he shows visitors around his place. A Gothic lantern of japanned tin, designed by Walpole, with panels of fifteenth-century English and sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Flemish stained glass, hangs in a stair well between two floors of stacks in Lewis's library. He is peculiarly attached to this lantern, which was presented to him by an English glove millionaire. "It's the epitome of Strawberry Hill—flimsy and phony, with beautiful things stuck in it," he says. "Short of bringing Strawberry Hill itself over, piece by piece, it's the best thing one could have. A bit of the true Cross."

Actually, Lewis has managed to acquire some fragments of Strawberry Hill proper. Walpole's villa is now part of a Catholic college belonging to the Mill Hill Fathers, and Lewis is on excellent terms with the priests who run it. As unimportant pieces of the structure fall off, the priests send them to Lewis, with their compliments. He has in this way obtained a number of windowpanes and pieces of roof. At Mrs. Lewis's suggestion, he is temporarily keeping these in the basement. She has, however, permitted him to bring up from the basement, and to install in the entrance to his office, the front door of Walpole's town house, on Berkeley Square. Lewis salvaged this from the wreckers when the structure was being torn down, in the middle nineteen-thirties, to make way for an Air Ministry building. Since scarcely a week passes without the arrival of fresh Walpoliana at the Lewis home, Mrs. Lewis (whose devotion to her husband and to Walpole has inspired her to embroider a piece of needlework depicting Strawberry Hill that is so well done that experts, seeing it in the Lewis library, have taken it for a former Walpole possession) sometimes cannot control an apprehensive look when she sees the expressman coming up the drive.

In Farmington, Lewis leads the life of a man of the world as well as that of a scholar, and his guestbook there contains such names as F. Trubee Davison, Artemus L. Gates, Felix Frankfurter, Dean Acheson, James P. Warburg, and John Nicholas Brown. "Let's have a Walpole wallow," he may say to guests of this stature after breakfast, and off he leads them on a tour of the premises. If some of his friends don't fully understand what he is up to and, after viewing his intricately indexed library of Walpole letters, his scores of pictures of Strawberry Hill, and his lock of Mme. de Maintenon's hair, feel that he has carried his hobby to a mystifying length, they rarely say so.

MOST of the editors of the "Correspondence," like their employer, became involved in war work, with the result that during the first part of this decade the project got pretty well bogged down, but since then it has been picking up steam. "It is now four years since Walpole's correspondence with the Berry sisters was published in this edition," Lewis wrote in an introduction to two volumes that appeared last fall, "a caesural pause in the history of the undertaking which we hope will not recur. . . . It is hoped that we shall now be able to press forward and finish the remaining forty or so volumes by 1965." While pressing forward, Lewis finds time for a number of other activities. He is chairman of the Librarian's Council of the Library of Congress, a group composed of directors of libraries all over the country, and it was at a meeting of this body held at his home a few years ago that he strongly backed a suggestion that all important American libraries coördinate their purchasing so as to avoid duplication, and competition, in specialized fields. This suggestion, which is being generally followed, is known in library circles as the Farmington Plan. He frequently contributes essays on eighteenth-century matters to learned quarterlies. He is a trustee of the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton, and a trustee of the Watkinson Library, in Hartford, an important collection that he feels is inadequately housed and that he has just about succeeded in having moved to less higgledy-piggledy quarters at Trinity College. The Lewises spend part of every summer in Newport, where they have an old farmhouse on Mrs. Lewis's brother's estate and where Lewis is a prime mover in the Preservation Society of Newport, an organization that aims to preserve the eighteenth-century buildings in the town.

By far the greater part of Lewis's non-Walpolian activities, however, center on Yale. He was an early promoter of the Yale Library Associates, a bunch that has raised more than half a million dollars for the Library, and given or prompted other people to give it several million dollars' worth of books and manuscripts. He was, a year or two ago, the chief organizer of the University Council, which is made up of twenty-eight Yale men from all parts of the country and whose major function is "to study the various activities of [Yale] University [and] to assist in devising plans for improvement of operation and in securing necessary support for them." He is one of the three members—the others being Bishop Henry K. Sherrill and Irving S. Olds, chairman of the board of the United States Steel Corporation—of the Committee of Survey of the Yale Corporation, organized to study prospects for the presidency of Yale, which Charles Seymour plans to resign next June. Lewis has an idea that propaganda directed in the past at Yale alumni has emphasized football to the relative exclusion of culture. "It's been played to the wrong part of the house," he says. "Leading citizens are disgusted with this nonsense." As a Yale trustee, Lewis is entitled to seats on the fifty-yard line at football games, but he has never exercised his privilege and hasn't been to a football game in twenty years. Once, at a Corporation meeting, he called for the abolition of professional football coaching, and he favors a sharp pruning of Yale's football schedule. "Granted that football is an excellent game," he says, "it's been exaggerated to a grotesque and demoralizing extent. It would be grand if Yale and Harvard just played each other—and maybe Princeton. This would reduce the swelling."

Lewis's fellow-trustees—ministers, bankers, and corporation lawyers, as well as those university officers who sit in at Corporation meetings—regard him as an *enfant terrible*. He is looked upon with particular alarm by the treasurer, a conservative Bones man who always predicts a deficit, only to have Lewis say that there's sure to be a surplus, that bigger budgets are in order, and to hell with cheeseparing. "These things will last to the end of time" is a phrase Lewis often employs when recommending purchases for the Library, the Art Gallery, or the Peabody Museum. His recommendations are not always followed. At one meeting, having ascertained that the Divinity School library was chock-full, he came out strongly in favor of a plan to connect it by a covered passageway to some nearby squash and handball courts and to convert the courts into an overflow library, at a cost of seventy thousand dollars. The Corporation took no action on this. It did, however, vote favorably on another suggestion he made, two or three years ago, that two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars be appropriated to buy foreign books and publications that the Yale Library would have acquired had it not been for the war. The treasurer had just predicted a forthcoming deficit of several hundred thousand dollars when this suggestion was made, so it was voted to take the required sum from the university's existing reserves. As it turned out, the deficit wasn't anywhere near as great as the treasurer had predicted, but the audacity of the operation, as projected, is still spoken of with awe in Corporation circles. Lewis likes to have his fellow-trustees' undivided attention when he is telling them what to do. President Seymour, a good-natured man, good-naturedly recalls a trustees' meeting at which Lewis, while engaged in a discourse, caught Seymour glancing at a note the treasurer had passed him. Lewis stopped in the middle of a sentence. "Excuse me, Mr. President," he said, according to Seymour. "Am I interrupting you?"

Next to the treasurer, Senator Robert A. Taft is the Corporation's chief beneficiary of Lewis instruction. At one meeting, after Lewis had advised extensive purchasing by the Yale Art Gallery and the Peabody Museum, Taft blew up. "Why should we have Titians?" he said, in effect. "They just gather dust. As for dinosaurs, they take up a lot of room. Why not learn about them from books?" Taft boarded a train for Washington after the meeting, and Lewis impulsively, but resolutely, boarded it, too, and rode down to Washington with him. En route, he delivered a lecture to his colleague on the place of museums in a university. "Bob is a quick learner," a friend of both men said later. "He had his B.A. by Bridgeport, his

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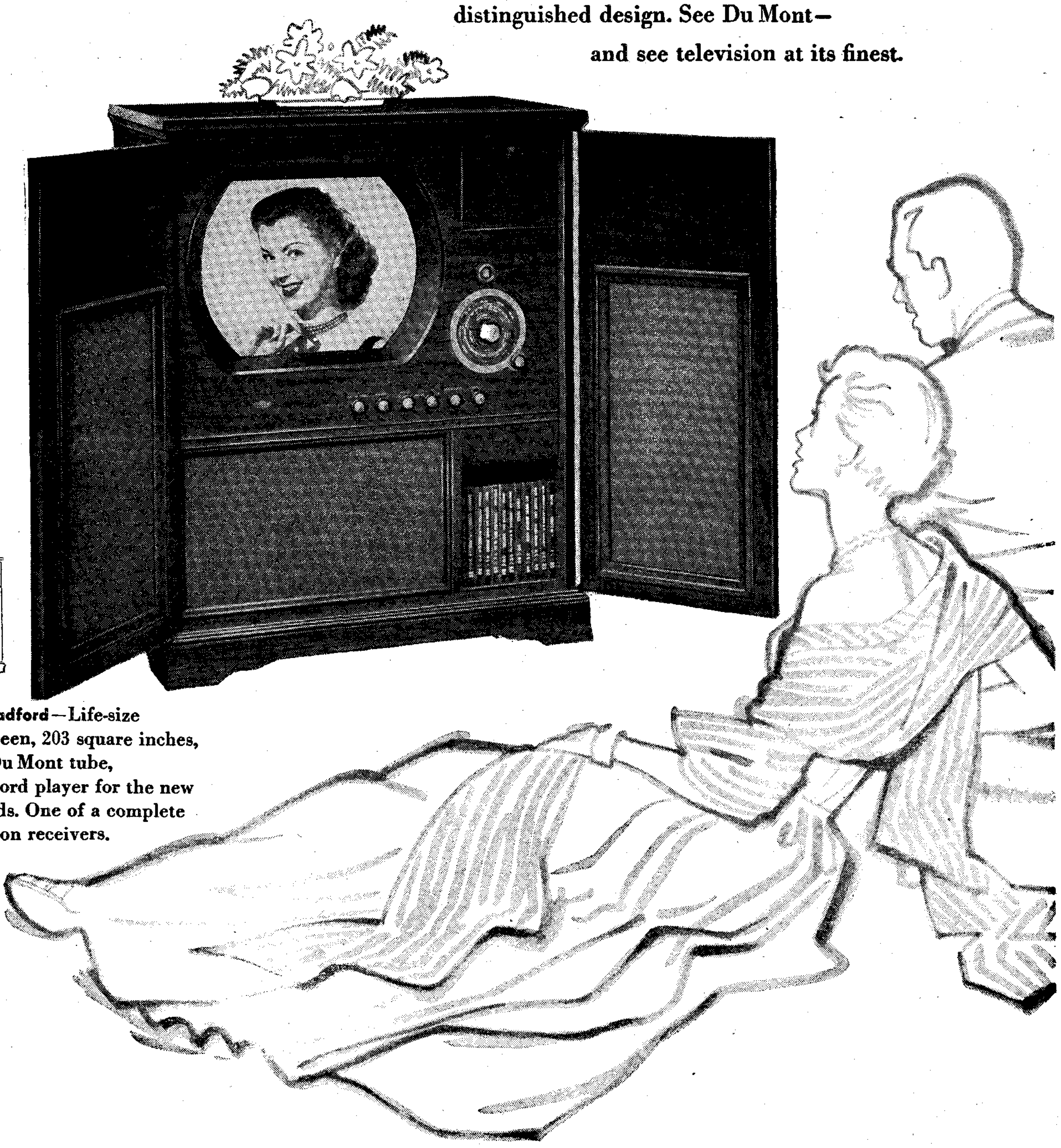

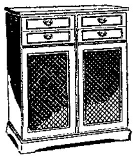

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M.A. by Stamford, and his Ph.D. by Philadelphia." The extended activities of the art gallery and the museum have since been approved. Largely to instruct Taft, Lewis subsequently sat down and wrote a book, "The Yale Collections," published by the Yale University Press, that sums up the role and contents of the Yale Library and the university's various museums. In it, he produced a passage about Othniel C. Marsh, '60, founder of the Peabody Museum's collection, that may, in a way, someday conceivably apply to himself:

> Marsh enjoyed great felicities: he was a pioneer on a wide and exciting scene, he was a collector with ample means, he was a scholar who could announce and publish his discoveries with final authority; and he had the ultimate satisfaction of giving his beloved work to the university he served all his life. Upon his tombstone is written, "To Yale he gave his collections, his services, and his estate."

Another passage, indicative of a catholicity of appreciation that far transcends Lewis's chosen sphere, as well as of his literary style, reads:

> Yale is strong in Connecticut wasps and Rhode Island beetles, in snails from Quebec, birds from Ecuador, and mammals from Kenya. Yale collectors have girdled the earth. In one class Yale may throw reticence to the winds and boldly announce its primacy. In spiders Yale is supreme.

Lewis hopes to get Taft to Farmington before long and tell him about Horace Walpole and the eighteenth century. He has been mildly discouraged, however, by the failure of an effort in this direction he once made with another co-trustee. Some years ago, after a Corporation meeting, he took Trubee Davison home with him. On the fifty-minute drive to Farmington, he filled Davison in with a detailed account of Walpole's life at Strawberry Hill, his writings, and his relationships with Mme. du Deffand, Sir Horace Mann, and the rest. As they drove up to the house, Davison, who had been unable to squeeze a word into the conversation, turned to his host. "Oh, I see," he said amiably. "Just a nut, eh?"

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Lewis.)

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THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL
(AND THE WITHERED GRAPEVINE)

[*From Doris Fleeson's column in the Washington Star, July 22nd*]

A Catholic definitely will be appointed to succeed the Catholic Justice Frank Murphy on the Supreme Court....

The grapevine has it that the White House feels Chairman McGrath has enough party preferment for the present.

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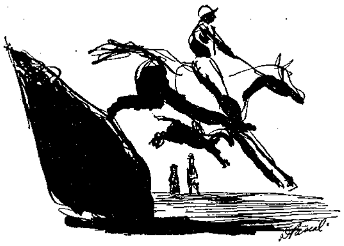
MICHAEL KANIN in association with ALDRICH & MYERS presents
RUTH HUSSEY in
GOODBYE, MY FANCY
FAY KANIN'S New Comedy
with CONRAD NAGEL
RICHARD HART JEAN CASTO
Directed by SAM WANAMAKER
FULTON W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE RACE TRACK

Saratoga Springs Eternal

DESPITE the fears of old-time racegoers, Saratoga is doing all right. Some of the visitors have violated custom at the Spa by not taking cottages for the month. They arrive just in time for the races each day and leave as soon as they are over. Last Saturday, the attendance was 19,428 (it was a singularly undemonstrative crowd, by the way), and the overflow of motorcars from the track's parking lots into nearby front yards was astonishing. Of course, the turnover in the pari-mutuel is not all the management would like it to be. The daily average for last week was $574,270; not too bad, though, when one recalls that the daily average for the meeting in 1941, the most profitable prewar year, was $453,026. Somehow I have a notion that the Saratoga Association will be doing business at the old stand for many years to come. Well, it's a pleasant place to do business at.



The racing so far has been good, if not brilliant—certainly more interesting, from any viewpoint, than what we had been seeing at Jamaica. After Laddie Sanford's Round View won the Whitney Stakes last weekend, people tried to remember the last time a horse carrying the Sanford family's well-known purple-and-gold striped silks had won a flat race of such importance at the meeting. (It was in 1905, when John Sanford, Laddie's father, won the Saratoga Handicap with Caughnawaga.) As any horseplayer will tell you, betting on Sanford horses is an old Saratoga custom. You see, back in the eighteen-eighties General Stephen Sanford, Laddie's grandfather, had a stock farm about twenty-five miles away, near Amsterdam, where he bred quantities of racers, a number of whom became quite famous. He gave his horses long Indian names and made it a rule never to race his two-year-olds till the Saratoga meeting.

To get back to Round View, when he won the Flamingo Stakes, in 1946, the experts predicted a great future for him. Whereupon he developed leg trouble. Occasionally, though, he can run like the wind. In the Whitney Stakes, he stole quickly away to a long lead and couldn't be caught. Donor was second and My Request third. Maybe My Request needs some water from the Red Spring, which, they say, does everything.

LUCK seems to have turned for Mrs. Dodge Sloane's Brookmeade Stable. On opening day, her Greek Ship won the seventy-fifth running of the Flash, which is the oldest stakes race for two-year-olds in America. Then, on Saturday, her More Sun, who was third in the Flash, galloped off with the United States Hotel Stakes. That same afternoon, Greek Ship, who had popped over to Boston, picked off first money in the Mayflower Stakes, at Suffolk Downs.

The youngster who attracted the most attention at Saratoga, however, was the Greentree Stable's Guillotine, a brother of Blue Border. He won his first start easily, then ran too badly for words in the United States Hotel Stakes, four days later. He's a smooth-looking fellow, but I'd say that the best thing about him is his name; his mother is Blade of Time.

AS one who has spent a number of years trying to figure out probable winners, I agree with George Sexton, who has just written a book called "Making Money on the Races" (Amerpub), that knowing what not to do, and then not doing it, is half the secret of beating the races. Mr. Sexton thinks he has discovered the other half. Much of the advice in his book is sound, but none is new, if I may say so. Mr. Sexton believes in playing angles and systems, but many of his angles aren't angles at all, just principles of handicapping. He mentions casually that the mutuel take is fifteen per cent and lets it go at that. Sometimes I wonder if the average horseplayer realizes the attrition his dollar goes through in machines that take such a bite out of it. It's ruinous, even if Mr. Sexton doesn't bring up that point. On the other hand, one of the cardinal angles around race tracks is "Never wise up a sucker."

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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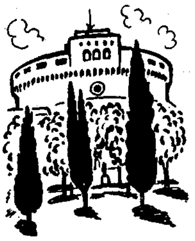
LETTER FROM ROME

AUGUST 2

THE two recent topics of vital interest in Rome have been the Tour de France bicycle race and the Vatican's decree excommunicating Communists—in that order. For Western European men, the annual Tour is like the World Series, only more frantic, the cycling teams being international, with politics, language difficulties, and chauvinism added to the natural tensions of a championship event. Rome has been extra feverish, because Italy won again this year. Though Fausto Coppi was the actual victor, the favorite here was his venerable partner, Gino Bartali, who came in first to provide Italy's triumph last year, and also ten years ago, and who after a decade of cycling is rated the most popular personage in all Italy. Romans say that Italians who don't even know the name of the president of their republic know all about their Gino, who is pious, long-jawed, and, at thirty-five, stoop-shouldered after his many years over the handlebars.

Bartali enjoys an amazing importance. Before the national elections last spring, de Gasperi's party featured an appeal by Bartali to his millions of admirers to vote, like him, for the Demo-Christians. His piety is part of his athletic record. Last year, the Pope, who blessed him before he set off with his bicycles for Paris, mentioned him in a broadcast made from St. Peter's balcony, saying that he was a champion not only in sport but in the fight against the Devil. Both times that Bartali was given the yellow sweater always awarded to the first-lap winner of a Tour, he deposited it as an ex-voto in his Florentine parish church, before the altar of St. Catherine. She still has the sweaters. Like all Italian riders, he is famous for being a *grimpeur*, or hill-climber, but, like no other, he claims that angels boost him upgrade and protect him coasting down. As a special demonstration of faith, and maybe because this is his last year as a racer, he recently scooted down the hairpin Alpine curves of the precipitous Colle San Bernardino at a speed estimated by the dazed Tour officials as the fastest ever reached on that particular stretch—more than half a mile a minute—and definitely a miracle, in that he did not even blow a tire. He will now choose some deserving poor boys to give his used Tour bicycles to and will continue to manufacture new ones in his works in Tuscany. Bartali is apparently the only modern Italian sport champion who did not wait to become an ex-champion before he tried to become the ideal *borghese*, a settled, successful little businessman.



THE decree of excommunication was, as is the Vatican custom, announced to the public in Latin. To those of us whose Latin is limited to our high-school dip into the poetic phraseology of the "Aeneid," the up-to-date text printed in the Vatican's *L'Osservatore Romano* seemed startlingly brisk; for example, "*Communismus enim est materialisticus et anti-Christianus.*" The decree provoked a crisis of conscience in many hearts, hardened many minds, and caused endless discussion. The voters of Italy are ninety-nine per cent Catholic and about twenty-five per cent Communist. Catholicism and Communism are found in their most optimistic, fervent, dualistic mixture among the poor, who since pagan times have had a transcendental capacity for religion and realism combined. The Italian Communist Party so jesuitically accepts religiosity as basic in the Italian character that it blandly voted in Parliament for the post-Liberation renewal of Mussolini's concordat between Church and State.

The *Osservatore's* recent, belated clarification of the decree has deflated much of the temporal and theological friction and talk. It indicates that only militant Communists and believers in Moscow's *materialisticus et anti-Christianus* doctrine are to be excommunicated to a Hell in which they palpably disbelieve. For all others—and they were the most fearful—who voted the Communist ticket or are members of Communist-led labor unions, there is no excommunication if they do not in their hearts believe in doctrinal materialism—a question of conscience so delicate as to be almost Quaker. Liberal Catholics mostly disapprove of the decree and have said so freely. They point out that the Vatican did not excommunicate Nazism for its acts but did excommunicate Communism for its ideas. Politicians, being less logical and more practical, think the decree a desperate gesture of foreign policy vis-à-vis the persecutions of prelates in the Iron Curtain countries. Possibly the real reason why discussion of the decree died down was that

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the Roman Communists did not answer back, so there was nothing more to talk about. In the three weeks since the Vatican's threat, the official Communist Rome daily, *L'Unità*, has never mentioned the matter editorially. *L'Unità* has merely printed a dry article called "The Holy See Against Copernicus." It recounted that as late as the year 1616 the Church denounced as "*absurdum . . . et . . . haereticum*" the Copernican proposition that the earth moves around the sun, instead of standing still. On this subtle analogy, *L'Unità* rests its case for the moment.

LEAVING theology and politics to one side, the working class of Rome, which lives in the antique river quarter of Trastevere, has just been physically enjoying itself at its annual summer Festa de Noantri, which means Festival of Us Others, as if workers were a class apart. This year's celebration, the most prosperous since the war, was like a grandiose block party. It covered an area half a mile square and lasted ten nights, during which oil flares brightened the façades of thousand-year-old churches and loops of electric bulbs festooned noble, dilapidated alleys converted for the occasion into outdoor restaurants and wine taverns. These were patronized by all generations—all of which stay up late in Italy—from grandmothers down to babes in arms, with recumbent beige heads like cantaloupes. The traditional Festa dishes are stewed snails and *pagliata*—the milk-filled intestines of suckling calves, a kind of precocious tripe. One ceremony of the Festa is a procession bearing the miraculous statue of the Virgin of Carmine from its niche in St. Agatha's Church to the porphyry-columned Basilica of St. Crisogono. Owing to the size of the enthusiastic crowds, your correspondent got only glimpses of the Virgin, tastefully draped in blue and wearing beautiful rings, when she was heaved three times in the air to the shout of "*Viva Maria!*" by her costumed bearers and then hastily backed through St. Crisogono's narthex.

The feature of the Festa that Romans of all classes most enjoyed was the alfresco competition in the singing of *stornelli*, street songs to which the singers, with great virtuosity, add Oriental chromatic arabesques. A main center for the competition was a piazzetta in the Via della Lungaretta, outside a little ice-cream parlor. The most impressive *stornello* was "Three Hundred and Twenty Martyrs," a ballad about the three hundred and twenty Italian hostages who were shot by the Germans and sealed in the Ardeatine Caves, outside Rome. The prison from which the martyrs were taken was Trastevere's Regina Cœli, a neighbor of the little ice-cream parlor.

ROME's streets are bright with oleanders in bloom, and beneath the flowers, on café terraces, the population, both local and tourist, has sat imbibing black-coffee sherbet as a defense against the heat, which has been rated as only normal (around ninety degrees) and has been lightened by the daily *ponente*, or western breeze. The drought remains abnormal, creating a shortage of hydraulic power. Rome's electricity is again cut off twice weekly for twelve hours on end.

Money and credit have also dried up, as a result of Italy's noble effort to devaluate the lira and of the tight sterling situation in England, which affects everybody in Europe. Bills are being discounted at nearly eighteen per cent, and loans between good friends are made at twelve-per-cent interest monthly and one-hundred-and-twenty-per-cent interest a year. Harassed Roman businessmen say that the only way to make money is to have some already, lend it, close up shop, go home, and quietly wait for the bread to come back as one-hundred-and-twenty-per-cent cake. Many offices are running on a summer short-pay-and-short-hours schedule, which America never heard of but which is called the *sistema Americano*. The hours are from eight to two without a break, after which everybody knocks off till the next day.

THE first American picture that Hollywood generously sent to film-hungry Italy after the war was Gary Cooper's "Sergeant York," made before Pearl Harbor. Hollywood then, in an effort to use its frozen lire obtained from the continued showing of such elderly pictures in Italy, made some new ones here, such as "The Prince of Foxes," with Tyrone Power, and Rome became known as Hollywood-on-the-Tiber. Hollywood was a rather peculiar pioneer here but is to be thanked, since Rome has become a production center for international films made by Europeans. René Clair is now making "The Beauty of the Devil"—really a post-Biedermeier "Faust," in which Marguerite is a circus equestrienne. Geza Radvanyi, who directed the Hungarian children's epic

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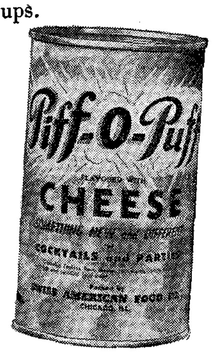

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"Somewhere in Europe," is making "In the Shadow," a film about female D.P.s, in French and Italian. The magnificent Anna Magnani has just finished "Volcano," made on the isle of Stromboli—a melodrama that features her as a retired prostitute. The English sections of the bilingual dialogue were written by Erskine Caldwell, the Italian by Piero Tellini, and Magnani speaks both languages with the same violent Roman accent. "La Voix Humaine," Cocteau's agonizing half-hour telephone monologue by a woman who has just been abandoned by her lover, has finally been shown here, with Magnani as the woman. It is probably the greatest cinematographic solo ever turned out. Vittorio De Sica, best known as the director of "Shoe-Shine" and "Bicycle Thieves" (which has just been awarded the grand prize, as the best film of both 1948 and 1949, at the second International Film Festival, in Brussels), is the leading man in a French-Italian film about sexual education for the young called "Tomorrow Is Too Late." Tellini's much-discussed script for "The White Line" is now being filmed, appropriately, near Trieste. It is a fabulous tragicomedy about children in an unidentified occupied land after the war who, so they may more comfortably play their games, upset international boundaries by moving the white rope that establishes their frontiers and cuts their life into zones. It may be another of the remarkable postwar Italian pictures.

Two Italian films considered probable prize-winners at the coming cinema festivals are "In the Name of the Law," which is like a California Western but was done in Sicily and has a harsh, dramatic Maffia story, and "The Mill on the Po," which is a masterpiece of a kind—a provincial, old-fashioned novel that comes alive through the camera. It was taken from the monumental historical novel of the same name by Riccardo Bacchelli, which runs from Napoleon's period down to the First World War. The picture concerns only the uprising of agricultural laborers in the Po Valley seventy years ago, which constituted Italy's first farmhand strike. The latest occurred two months ago. In many ways, this fine film brings history together. —GENÊT

•

4:25 The 5th and 6th races at Monmouth Park, N.J.
5:45 Time for Reflection.—*Television schedule in the Herald Tribune.*

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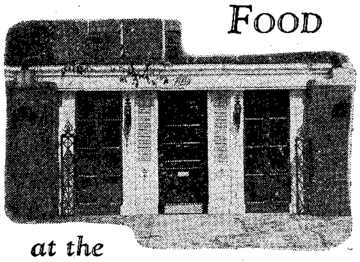

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MUSICAL EVENTS

In the Hills

I WENT up to Tanglewood last week, to the Berkshire Festival, to listen to the music. The music was consistently pretty wonderful, often quite exalted, but music was not, by a long shot, the only feature of the festival. I am convinced that future historians of the phenomenon of Tanglewood will devote as much attention to its non-musical as to its musical aspects. Take, for instance, cameras. Everybody seems to be carrying a camera. The throngs that attend these concerts are music lovers, no doubt, but they are camera-happy, too. They appear desperately, almost poignantly, anxious not only to absorb the music in a flamboyantly emotional manner but to record on film every instant of their experience there. They wander up, down, and across the spacious grounds snapping pictures. They snap everything and anything. They take pictures of the gracious post-card scenery, with its rolling lawns, formal gardens, and made-to-order backdrop of lake and misty mountains. They take pictures of their families and friends. They take pictures of total strangers and they ask total strangers to take pictures of them. Mostly, though, they take pictures of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

I attended a public rehearsal of the orchestra last Saturday morning in the big music shed, and I do not see how Dr. Koussevitzky and his men got through it. An audience of some four thousand persons turned up, everybody having contributed one dollar to the orchestra's pension fund for the privilege. Four-fifths of the audience carried cameras, or so it seemed to me, and they spent four-fifths of their time standing on their seats or ducking in and out of the aisles clicking their shutters. In the moments when they were not taking pictures, they were engaged in the second most evident non-musical aspect of the festival—hero worship. Around Tanglewood, Dr. Koussevitzky has become a legend in his lifetime. The other morning, he could not make a move on the podium, he could not lift or drop his baton, he could not signal to an oboe player or whistle at a flutist without evoking a chorus of "Oh"s and "Ah"s from the audience. Every ordinary, workmanlike gesture was greeted with adulation and open-eyed surprise. I must confess that I found this slightly frightening, and I would wager that Dr. Koussevitzky—who has every right to expect any honor—is a bit disturbed, too. The tangent down which these audiences now seem to be racing is leading in a distinctly non-musical direction. One can well imagine their ohing and ahing with equal fervor at a crooner or some Hollywood celebrity.

Dr. Koussevitzky is, of course, an iron man, and he continues to present programs of the highest merit. The program of a week-ago Thursday evening was of magnificent stature. Jascha Heifetz was on hand for a flawless rendition of Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto. He played with incredible skill and a controlled passion that was quite overwhelming. On Saturday evening, Dr. Koussevitzky, who—for me, at least—is always somewhat inspired, was more inspired than usual. He gave us first a delightful reading of Roussel's Suite in F, and then Milhaud's Concerto for Cello and Orchestra No. 1, with Gregor Piatigorsky as soloist. The Milhaud is at once twinkly and profound, and in the hands of Piatigorsky it became a prize of lasting beauty. Dr. Koussevitzky closed the program with a truly monumental presentation of Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde." Nothing that Mahler wished to say in this musical poem of life and death was left unsaid by the orchestra or by David Lloyd, the tenor, or by Janice Moudry, the contralto. Miss Moudry's voice that evening was a voice possessed, and there was in it an unforgettable quality of time past and time to come. Even the camera fiends listened to her, and held off taking their pictures until she was finished.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

SAN JOSE, Cal., July 1 (INS).—A San Jose judge has ruled that a man hiding under peace, even if his wife doesn't like it.

However, the judge says, if the bed of a neighbor woman is his wife comes after him and the two women fight, that is against the law.

Police Judge Percy O'Connor Van Tucker, 27, a salesman. But he fined his wife, Hustina, not necessarily disturbing the released the man under the bed, 26, and the woman who owned the bed, Mrs. Carrie May McClendon, 24, each $20.—*The Mirror.*

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LETTER FROM TEL AVIV

JULY 15

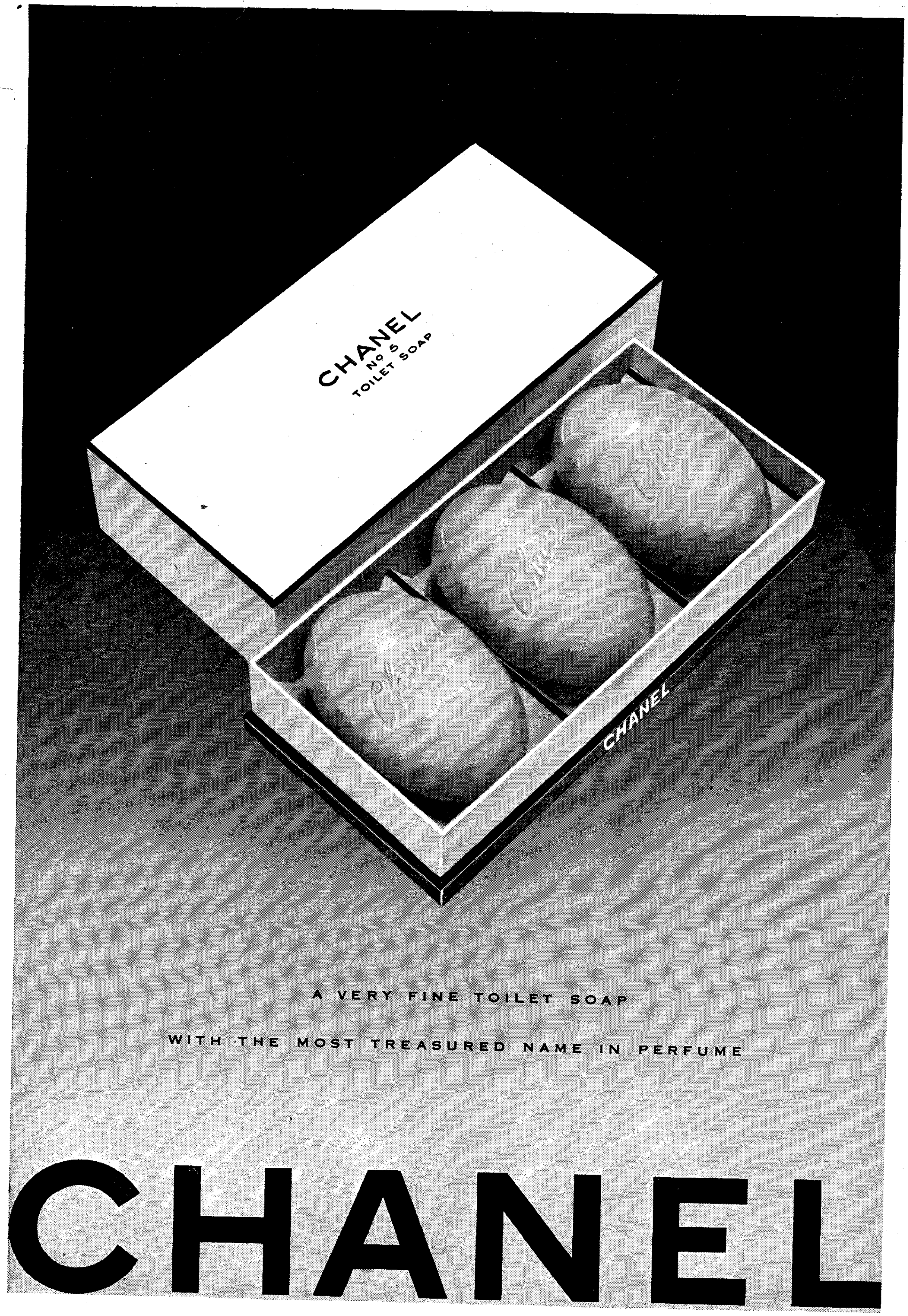
"THE next war Israel will have to fight," a government official here said the other night, "will be against the Jews." There is precedent for this fear of civil strife in the experiences of Ireland, a country whose history provides many analogies for the tacticians and statesmen of the infant Mediterranean nation. Actually, the government official did not mean that he foresaw armed conflict. Rather, he envisioned a clash of ideas, which he feels might prove almost as critical as a battle with machine guns and tanks. For many years before the present influx, immigrants to Zion were zealously indoctrinated with the pioneering virtues necessary for carving a state out of the marsh and desert of Palestine. The ancient Hebrew language was studied and very consciously employed, much more than religion, to give the present-day descendants of Abraham a sense of unity with the past. A raw but definite culture was built up in the country, and immigrants arrived in such small numbers that they could be materially and spiritually assimilated. Now, with all the gates open and the "ingathering of exiles," as it is called here, supplying thousands of new settlers every month, there is fear in Israel that the old, painfully formed codes of conduct and modes of life will be smothered by the massive immigration of Jews from the Diaspora. Accumulated hastily, speaking fifteen languages, driven by despair for Europe rather than by love for Zion, with widely divergent systems of culture and standards of living, equipped with few of the agricultural and technological skills vital to the reclamation of the land, giving promise of outnumbering the native Jewish population by two to one in a few years, they loom as a huge, dark puzzle for a nation rich in puzzles.

While officials wrestle with the problem of how to turn hundreds of thousands of Yemenites, Poles, Hungarians, Moroccans, Abyssinians, and Rumanians into hard-working Israelis, who will till the land and work the machines of the factories in the most modern manner and in flawless Hebrew, the population goes briskly about the business of recovering from the war with the Arabs and earning a living. In Tel Aviv, this unbeautiful coastal city that is the political, cultural, and commercial capital of the state, there is a pushing, Chicago-like bustle in the streets and in the shops and office buildings, and an almost palpable brusque confidence that, with the war so dashingly won, the future is secure.

Aesthetically, Tel Aviv is no glowing advertisement for Israel. A hodgepodge of apartment buildings designed in that modernistic style that has deservedly gone out of fashion elsewhere and that the passage of the years cannot conceivably mellow, it attains beauty only at night, when the walls, which are dull and uniform in sunlight, palely reflect the moon in irregular and subtle patterns of light and shadow, giving the city that double effect of mystery and purity that can be so moving in the Orient. Then, in the cool night air, the mingled fragrance of jasmine and honeysuckle rises sweetly from the gardens and hedges; the less sanitary odors of the crowded daylight hours have, happily, vanished with the afternoon's heat. The tideless sea puffs at the beach with the steady, small noise of a locomotive idling in a station, and if one is far enough away from the source, the sound of café quartets and American phonographs, issuing from the open windows of the town, makes a pleasing music. In the early morning, too, when workmen are sloshing down the open-air-café floors with water and the streets are deserted, except for milkmen making their rounds on bicycles and motorcycles from which hang clusters of large milk cans, there is a seaside freshness about the place. This does not last long. The housewives of Tel Aviv get up practically at dawn and seem to go, almost as one woman, immediately to the radio, which, with peasantlike delight in mechanical noise, they turn on full blast to programs of recorded sopranos and waltzes. Anyone who has optimistically planned to sleep until eight or nine is shattered into wakefulness and reminded by a dozen radios that there is no place for sluggards in this blossoming state.

En masse, the population of no modern city gives a general impression of physical beauty to a visitor. Urban life tends to put an ungracious stamp upon the human face, and Tel Aviv follows that tendency. Composed of every racial type and coloration, from pale Nordic to ebony Abyssinian, and dressed carelessly—partly because of the austerity brought about by the war, partly because of the rigors of the hot climate, and partly, too, as a semiconscious expression of disdain for the effete values of the civilizations now left behind—this workers' community seems too preoccupied with work to worry about being beautiful. As in Italy, the men, both young and old, are more attractive than the women, who have a pigeonlike inclination toward plumpness and whose faces do not give evidence of the disciplining sense of purpose and urgency that can be seen in those of their brothers and husbands. Of course, there are many exceptions to this generalization, and again and again one's eye is caught by a woman's finely drawn face or delicately modelled figure. Among the new arrivals, the Yemenites, whose old women still wear the traditional narrow trousers under their skirts, carry with them a dark, desert handsomeness, dignified and patient, and many of their children have wild, clear faces that seem to have been chipped out of dusky marble.

Just as Americans say that New York is not America, it is commonly said here that Tel Aviv is not Israel. It is true that Jerusalem, with its rosy stone buildings set on its historic hills, is gravely beautiful and has another character entirely. And Haifa, facing the sea from a steep amphitheatre on the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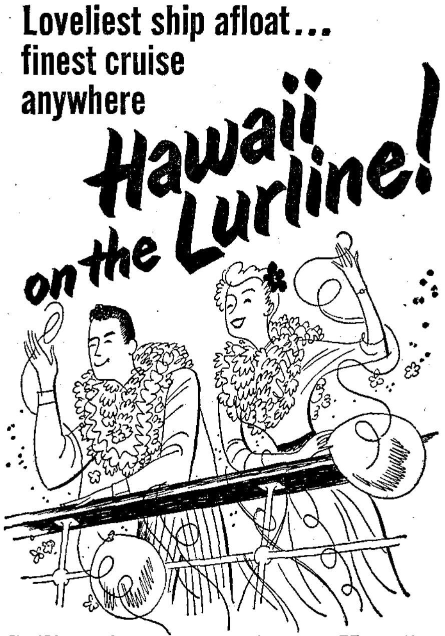
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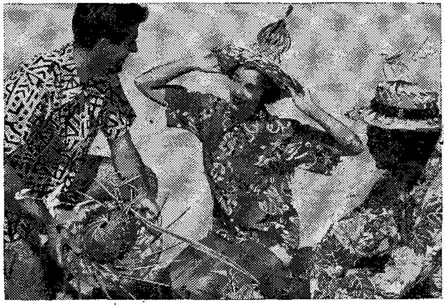

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ridges of which are built impressive granite mansions, is much more appealing to the eye than is the capital. But Jerusalem, divided and bled by siege, oppressed by uncertainty, with the sentries of the Arab Legion peering out across the new city from the old wall, seems almost to sleep for the time being and Haifa, the patriots say, is the city of the future. Tel Aviv is the present, and the present is harsh, energetic, discourteous, and hopeful.

There are a great many cafés and restaurants in the city, and much of the social life takes place on open-air terraces, over tea or sweet drinks. Little hard liquor is drunk, and a drunkard is almost certain to be a visiting American. The food suffers from the residents' general impatience with the gentler aspects of civilized life. Food is rationed, and the cooks, like everyone else, seem to be too hurried to pay much attention to the niceties. The style of cooking contains few reminders of the opulent, traditional dishes of European Jewry. Meals are nourishing, filling, and nondescript, and make the visitor dream nostalgically of the restaurants of Paris and New York. One eats from a sense of duty to remain alive; one's pleasure must be found elsewhere. There are two or three agreeable wines, white and red, grown in neighboring settlements and not much different from good California wines, and the beer is tolerable, although weak. The food situation is bound to grow worse, and more rigorous programs of rationing are frequently being put into effect. (Not long ago, fresh butter was taken off the adults' ration and reserved for children.) The new immigrants must be fed and steps must be taken to make the country self-sufficient, and in the process the beloved rich, sticky chocolate *Sachertorte* must go by the board. The sweet tooth, along with other prewar weaknesses, is sacrificed for independence.

So far, the black market is very little in evidence. A stern law that makes the buyer of black-market goods equally guilty with the seller has, no doubt, had a healthy effect in curbing those citizens who might be tempted by gluttony to adorn their tables illegally. Traffic in that most precious of modern commodities, the American dollar, seems well under control. The government keeps a careful eye on all exchange. Only once have I been approached, in a small stationery shop, by the usual shady character and offered a deal—thirty-five Israeli pounds for a hundred dollars, as against the government's thirty-three and a third. Housing is another sore difficulty, and the high cost of labor and materials has slowed down the building of new units. It is not uncommon for a family to pay five thousand pounds for quite a small apartment in a new co-operative building, and a bonus of as much as fifteen hundred pounds is often demanded and received as key money for an apartment lease.

Because of these stringencies, there is discontent in some quarters about the government's policy of unrestricted immigration. Most of the grumbling is over the North Africans, who, the grumblers maintain, have the living and cultural standards of their Arab ex-neighbors. According to certain of the older inhabitants here, these new imports are lazy and dirty, and one moment will boast, as the landlady of my apartment put it, that they were all captains in the underground and the next moment steal your wallet. The government, undiscouraged by either my landlady's criticism or the problem of feeding and housing penniless thousands of newcomers, steadfastly accepts every Jew who arrives on the shore of Israel. Its feeling, expressed bluntly, is that the country should get everyone in while the getting is good. There is no telling what swings in world opinion and international politics may occur in the next few years. (The Iron Curtain countries, for example, are showing an increasing enmity toward Zionism.) So through Haifa harbor every month pour thirty thousand immigrants—welcome, embarrassing, or unclassifiable. Not long ago, one ship brought in the disconcerting and fantastic Sydney Stanley, the corrupter of British Labour Party officials and the chief figure in the government-shaking Lynskey Tribunal hearings in London last fall, together with six midgets whom the Germans had weirdly put into a concentration camp. With bitter humor, it is often said that statues of the two men who are really responsible for the formation of the State of Israel will be erected at Haifa harbor—Hitler and Bevin. Hitler's contribution is demonstrably the greater one, but the feeling is that Bevin by his intransigence forced the Jews here to fight. In the fighting, they won much more than they ever expected, and they have built their state on the firm emotional foundation of bloodshed. Unfortunately, in the present condition of the world, the graves of heroes bind a people together infinitely more strongly than any number of well-meaning international treaties.

THE economic difficulties attendant on Israel's bold hospitality are staggering, and the government—a mild state Socialism, modelled very much on the Labour government of England—is seeking in every way to block the flow of currency abroad and to attract hard money into the local economy. Tourists with precious dollars in their pockets are assiduously sought, but accommodations for them, when accommodations can be found, are far from luxurious. The hotels of Tel Aviv range from mediocre to awful, but the proprietors try to make up for the poverty of their premises with a kind of busy good nature and a willingness to be of service. Fuel for hot water is rationed, and in private homes, where many of the tourists find lodgings, a hot bath is to be had only on Friday, the eve of the Jewish Sabbath.

Cafés and restaurants close around twelve o'clock, and the night life of the city is fairly meagre. Except for the small bands that play for dancing in the seaside cafés, and whose repertoire includes a wide variety of Russian, German, American, and local songs, there are few entertainers. The battalions of prostitutes who used to patrol the boardwalk when the British and American troops were here during the Second World War (when talking about a war here, it is very important to identify exactly which one you mean) have gone, to the last crimson skirt, victims of the new austerity. If you stroll about the city after midnight, you are very likely to be approached by the police, who travel in threes, armed with carbines, and who politely remind you that it is not safe to be out so late because of the large numbers of immigrant North Africans, who have imported into the community their old and unpleasant habit of knife-wielding.

Transportation is miserably inadequate. Antiquated and tightly packed buses crawl loudly about the city, and to board one in the busy hours requires a wait of a half hour or more in a queue. The scarce taxis, most of them made long ago (by the Chrysler Corporation, which seems to have been more enterprising in this corner of the world than its competitors), are very expensive

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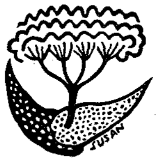
and are used most sparingly by the natives. The roads leading into and out of the city are narrow two-lane highways in a poor state of repair and are crowded with vehicles of all descriptions, from oxcarts to mobile artillery. Automobile breakdowns are common; on every trip out of town one is likely to see several cars, their hoods raised, pulled over to the side of the road and surrounded by gloomy passengers. The driving is ferocious. Motorists pass on the right, on the left, on the crests of hills, and on curves, and the newspapers are full of accounts of gruesome accidents that have caused multiple deaths and horrible wounds. As one visitor said, after a drive from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, "No wonder they won the war. They will risk their lives over as little a thing as reaching a café thirty seconds ahead of the next man." Practically all freight is transported by trucks. The railroad from Tel Aviv to Haifa, which was never of great importance, cannot yet carry through traffic, because for about a mile and a half, at Tulkarm, the line runs through territory held by the Arabs. A detour around Tulkarm is nearly finished, and a whole new right of way is being constructed on safer ground, nearer the coast, but it will be some time before trains will be able to run on it. Jerusalem can be reached only by two narrow roads (one of them for military use exclusively) that were laid through the Judean Hills during the fighting. The Arabs held the only good highway during the war—they still hold it—and beat off all attacks in bloody actions at Latrun. The new roads can take nothing more than rather rudimentary traffic, and for that reason Jerusalem is faring considerably worse than the coastal settlements in the way of food and supplies.

THIS small state has a surprising amount of arable land that is not being cultivated, usually because of lack of funds. Some of it was abandoned by the Arabs when they fled the fighting, but a good deal of it has just been lying fallow for years. Even in the most fertile regions there are miniature deserts of sand dunes, which the Israelis, with their experience in soil reclamation, say can be made to bear richly in a few years. They are proud of a recent gift of Nature's. Migratory birds, which in the old days avoided the bare wastes of Palestine, now, because of the development of water resources and the increasing spread of green terrain, stop and feed. Duck hunting, unknown here for hundreds of years, is coming back as a sport.

Passing through the country on the days of the khamsin, the dreadful hot wind that blows from the desert and drops a leaden cover of heat over the land, one wonders which side will come out victorious—the people or the continent. On such days, it seems impossible that any European or American standards of energy and labor can be maintained, and if they are not maintained, the country will slide back once more into the slow dry rot that afflicted it and the peoples who through so many centuries came to conquer it. The tractor, the spray gun, and the irrigation ditch have a formidable opponent in the climate of the Middle East.



This doubt does not disturb the assurance of the people of Israel. According to one's sympathies, the people are either magnificently self-confident or unpleasantly arrogant about their abilities. As long ago as 1943, when I was here as a member of the American Army, I was told that when the time came, the Arabs would be beaten, the British would quit their tenure in discouragement, and an independent state would be established in Palestine. What I, along with almost all other outsiders, including the British Foreign Office, considered a maniacal pipe dream has become a reality in the space of a year. The architects of the victory over seven Arab nations feel that nothing is impossible for them from now on. They even believe that they will be able to moderate the ravages of the climate with water lines, reservoirs, and new forests. Nature, they feel, will yield, just as Bevin and the Mufti have yielded.

IN Israel, a state sprung from the massacre of six million Jews and the desperate action of a small, poorly prepared, and ill-equipped army, tragedy and heroism are commonplaces and are spoken of in flat, routine tones. Everybody has escaped the gas chamber by a half hour or heard mortar shells drop outside his window for days at a time. The German pogrom in Europe has bereft every newly arrived family, and the young men of the land have in childhood fought strange engagements in the desert and behind the mud walls of Arab villages, and later, in the Jewish Brigade of the British Army, crossed Italian rivers under artillery fire. Death sits at every café table and modifies every conversation. There is almost an impatience with this sorrowful past; the story has been told too often, by too many people, and the details vary only slightly. The underlying nervous tension, which is a residue of the years of violence, is displayed only in a supernormality, an excess of energy, an impolite amount of youthful noise.

A mass history of the population of Tel Aviv would encompass a seething anthology of incredible adventures. The chief motif of the stories of the natives and old settlers is resistance and armed conflict. For the new arrivals, the main theme is the more neurotic one of flight. Self-pity is surprisingly absent, even among the people who suffered the most at the hands of the Germans. There is mild wonder that they have survived and are safe, there is anger that the world permitted them to be tormented for so long, and sometimes there is a deep-seated yearning for vengeance. A Berliner with a concentration-camp number tattooed on his arm, who had been held ten years as a prisoner and now works in the orange groves around a village taken from the Arabs, spoke quite calmly and reasonably to me and a group of his friends about his day-to-day problems, which were mostly economic. He sounded like a workman anywhere complaining about the sporadic nature of seasonal labor and the high cost of living. But when he began to talk about what he had been through, about seeing his family killed before his eyes and about the beatings and tortures visited upon him by the camp guards, he started to shout crazily, turning into a demented figure of revenge. Again and again, acting the scene out with savage gestures, he recounted his most satisfying memory of Europe—the day of liberation by the Russians, when, with his own hands, he killed seven German guards, bayoneting them as they pleaded for mercy. With sardonic pathos, he imitated the manner in which the guards prayed to him to spare them, telling him that they had families, that they had always protected the Jews, that they themselves had never been responsible for any atrocities. Then, at the end of each recounted plea, his eyes gleaming fitfully, he went abruptly and terribly through the stabbing motion that ended each German's life. After that, he grinned bitterly at all of us sitting around him in a small café, formerly Arab and now decorated with tricolor bunting and called the Café de France by its new proprietor, a fat former Frenchman with the dreadful number on his forearm. The Berliner was

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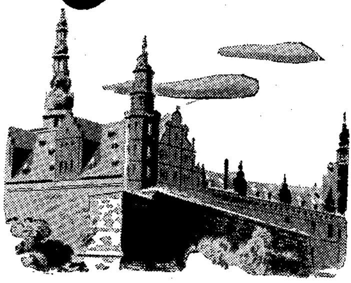

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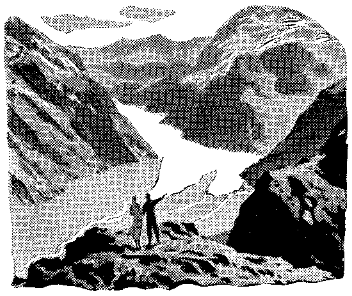

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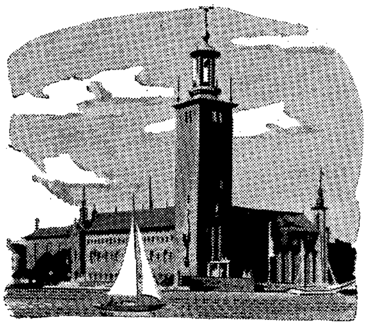

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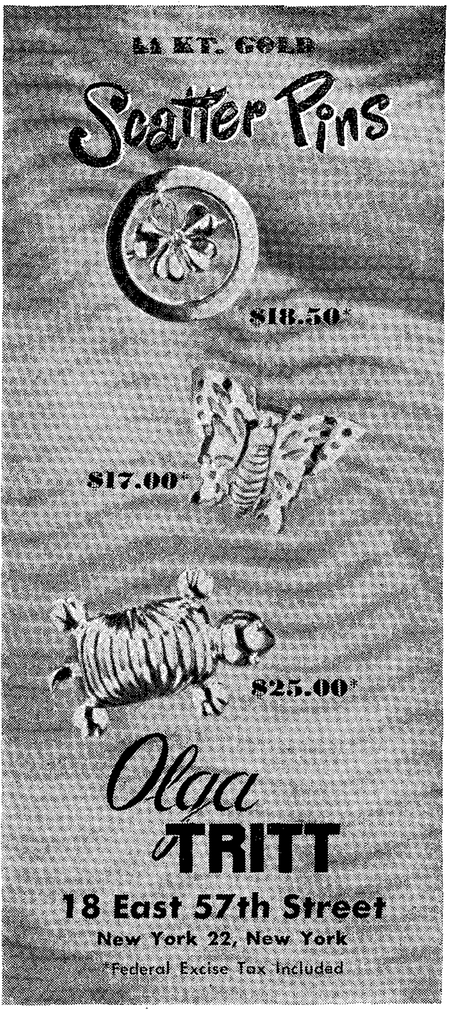
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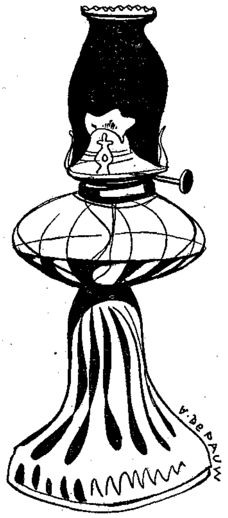
fond of the Russians for one reason. On the day of liberation, they had rounded up seven hundred and fifty German soldiers and ordered them to run five kilometres to a prisoner-of-war cage. Those who lagged were shot on the road, and the Berliner acted out with great satisfaction the aiming of the pistols, the cracking noise of the explosions, the falling of the bodies. By the time the five kilometres had been traversed, only a hundred and fifty Germans were left, and the Berliner told, with approving wild laughter, of the reaction of the Russian officer at the stockade. Looking over the survivors as they arrived, he had shrugged and said, "Only a hundred and fifty. It hardly pays to lock them up." Just how such destroyed human material as this Berliner can be restored and used to build a sane, cohesive state must be causing restless days in Ha'kirya, the one-time German colony (formerly called Sarona) on the outskirts of Tel Aviv that has been taken over by the government for its offices.

Of course, not all the refugees in Israel have been so horribly marked by their experiences. A delicately pretty Polish girl who was deported by the Russians to Siberia for three years because her father had refused to give up his Polish citizenship when eastern Poland was invaded by the Russians has an entirely different attitude. It is almost impossible to conceive of the trials she has undergone, but, dressed in fashionable, quiet clothes, she talks of them half-humorously, in the light tone that a motorist might use to describe the minor hardships of the roads he has travelled. She is bitter against the Russians, naturally, but, to the annoyance of her friends, she is strongly pro-British, believing them to be the most civilized of peoples (she lumps the native-born Jews and all American immigrants together as being coarse, unmannerly, and materialistic), and deplores the fact that the hotheads in the Israeli community have prevailed, to the discomfiture of the gentlemen of the Empire.



Needless to say, this young lady, who speaks English, French, German, Polish, Russian, and Hebrew fluently and correctly, looks forward eagerly to the day when exit permits will be issued without restriction by the Ministry of Immigration, at which time she will promptly head for London or Paris and a life more suited to her taste than the uproarious, improvised existence of Tel Aviv. This feeling, especially among pretty young women, is not as rare as might be supposed. Most of the young men are good-humoredly and unalterably dedicated to the idea that Israel is their life, their salvation, their task, their significance. They are certain that they will be poor for many years, that they will live roughly, that a call to arms is a possibility at any moment, that they will be burdened with heavy labors, and they accept all these things with a grin. But pretty young women with an inborn conviction that they have a natural right to be spoiled by their environment find it more difficult to face the ugly promise of pioneering, even though it is pioneering in time rather than in space, and conducted in a modern city equipped with up-to-date plumbing, movie theatres, and copies of Paris dresses. On the other hand, a youthful, violently romantic former Pole who escaped the Germans and served in General Anders' Polish army before coming to Palestine told me sentimentally, "If I ever find a girl here who looks up at the moon once and sighs and says, 'What a beautiful evening,' I will marry her on the spot."

The public bad manners too often evident in the new state cause concern among many of its citizens. A young German intellectual who has been here some years and who was with me when I was treated somewhat uncivilly by several of his compatriots explained, "They will change. They are new. Right now, they think that to be rude is to be a good Socialist." Graciousness, of course, is not dead, and when one is invited to a home, the hospitality is

ONE of the most interesting men I have met in Israel is Isaac Sadeh, a colonel in the Israeli Army, who was one of the founders of the Palmach, the guerrilla force established in 1937, with the help of the British, to put down the Arab disturbances. The Palmach later went on to harass the British, differing from the more radical Irgun in that its actions were carried out with the minimum loss of enemy life. Its aim was to get as many immigrants as possible into the country while the British were still in control, and to that end its partisans blew up radar stations and trained young men in seamanship, doing it secretly in rowboats, small sailing vessels, and motor launches. The training must have been superb, because twenty-two-year-old masters confidently took large steamships, loaded with thousands of refugees, out of European ports and, dodging British patrol craft, landed them on the darkened beaches of the coast. When overtaken by the British, the young captains hid in previously prepared crannies in the holds, from which they would be delivered by their friends after the British had unloaded the illegal immigrants and put them on a ship for Cyprus. One such sea captain, a small, blunt-faced boy, now twenty-seven, who commanded the famous Exodus, with a passenger list of forty-five hundred, and who looks like nothing so much as a Dead End kid, now plans to start a seamen's coöperative, which will operate steamships. The youthful captain scorns passenger vessels, sharing the opinion of most sailors that only cargo vessels are of any real use in a nation's merchant marine, but he feels that the coöperative's first venture should be a fast passenger ship for tourists between the United States and Haifa, since the quick and profitable turnover will be more likely to attract the capital necessary to stabilize the enterprise. He also regards American Jewry rather disdainfully as an inexhaustibly rich mine of dollars, which are to be extracted with every instrument at hand for the profit of his own country. When I accused him of cynicism, he angrily replied that workingmen and soldiers had just as much right to cynicism as writers.

Colonel Sadeh came to Palestine in the early nineteen-twenties from Russia, where he had won the highest decoration for gallantry awarded by the Czar's Army. Being a Jew, he could not get a commission, but when the Army revolted, in 1917, he was elected by his company as its commanding officer and fought against the Whites until the end of the civil war. He is a man in his fifties, built like an oak barrel, with a long white goatee, a deeply burned face, and sharp, humorous eyes peering out from behind thick glasses. He led an armored brigade of the youngsters he had trained against the Arabs, and had spectacular success. He is proudest of an action in which he surprised and overran an Egyptian unit, in what he termed "an old-fashioned cavalry charge," by bringing his vehicles unobserved along

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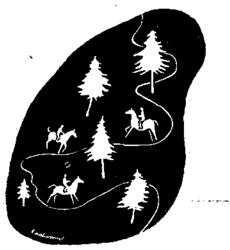
a dry wadi to within two hundred yards of the enemy lines and then dashing at full speed on the unsuspecting Egyptians, crashing through them without the loss of a man and inflicting terrible casualties. A photographer in one of the armored cars took grim pictures of Egyptian troops lying in the path of the onrushing vehicles, their arms outstretched helplessly, waiting for death, and of other Egyptian soldiers running heavily before the armor, looking back over their shoulders, knowing that no prisoners could be taken in such an attack, and too demoralized to attempt to sell their lives dearly.



Sadeh's brigade struck into Egypt, doing great damage, and Sadeh is confident that they could have gone on to Alexandria if the politicians had not intervened and ordered them to fall back. As soldiers, the Egyptians, the Syrians, and the Lebanese are looked upon with contempt by the Israeli Army. "It is impossible to create a modern army from a feudal society," Sadeh told me. Except for the brigade of crack Egyptian troops who held out bravely when surrounded at Falujah and who, along with the British-trained and British-officered Arab Legion, are regarded with respect and admiration (the Arab Legion fought cleanly and, if the word can be used to describe any aspect of modern warfare, chivalrously, according to the Israelis), the Army people found that the Arabs had a tendency to run from an attack, especially at night and when under the fire of noisy heavy weapons. Also, Colonel Sadeh said, they seemed to have no notion of such subsidiary services as supply, signals, and medical units. Well emplaced, they sometimes proved stubborn, but when forced into an open war of maneuver, they were easily disorganized.

Another veteran of considerable fighting whom I met recently is Ephraim Daphni, brother of the Israeli consul in Los Angeles. Born in Yugoslavia and trained as an officer in the Yugoslav Army, he served during the Second World War in the American O.S.S., parachuting behind the German lines in Italy in the uniform of a German sergeant. During the war against the Arabs, he was the military commander of his settlement, Ein Gev, a small *kibbutz*, isolated by Syrian forces, on the far side of Lake Tiberias. Ein Gev, with but a hundred and twenty defenders, including women, could be supplied only at night by water, and was in the beginning written off as untenable by military authorities. Before the war, the settlement had grown bananas, citrus fruits, and pomegranates and had experimented unsuccessfully with pineapples. As soon as it became evident that the Arabs were going to attack, Daphni had the unenviable duty of ordering all the settlement's trees cut down to give the defenders a clear field of fire. When the first attack came, from six hundred reputedly expert Syrian troops on the high ground surrounding the settlement on three sides, Daphni had at his disposal, in addition to rifles and Sten guns, only one mortar, with forty shells. The Syrians had a battery of seventy-fives and some armor, and were supported by Spitfires. Their assault failed. Later on, a number of Israeli six-pounders were brought across the lake to the settlement, and all subsequent attacks were beaten off. The Syrians breached only one position in the outer defenses and were driven out in ten minutes of hand-to-hand fighting. The shelling of the settlement went on for a long time, and a system of relief for the defenders was instituted, in an attempt to reduce nervous fatigue. Every two weeks, in rotation, each man and woman was ferried across the lake to Tiberias for a two-day rest, and every four weeks four days were allowed for a trip to Haifa, where the children of the settlement had been evacuated before the first attack.

The settlement is still cut off from the rest of Israel and can be reached only by boat. When I met Daphni, a lean-cheeked, blond man of about forty, with hard green eyes, he was in Tel Aviv to see B.G., as he calls Premier Ben-Gurion, about a loan to tide the settlement over the period of rebuilding and replanting. Until recently, the Army provided for the settlement, but after the signing of the armistice the civil government assumed the responsibility. As delegate to the government from his community, dressed in a patched old G.I. suntan uniform, his shirt open at the collar, Daphni travelled by bus from Tiberias, with expense money from the community treasury in his pocket for a hotel room and meals in Tel Aviv. Aside from such expense money, all he gets is six pounds a year, when he goes on his week's vacation.

THE exposed position of Ein Gev, a tiny Israeli enclave in Syrian territory, dramatizes a problem and a

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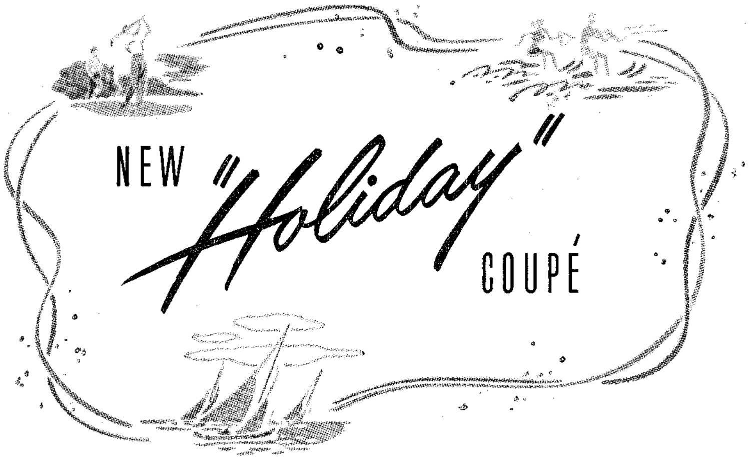

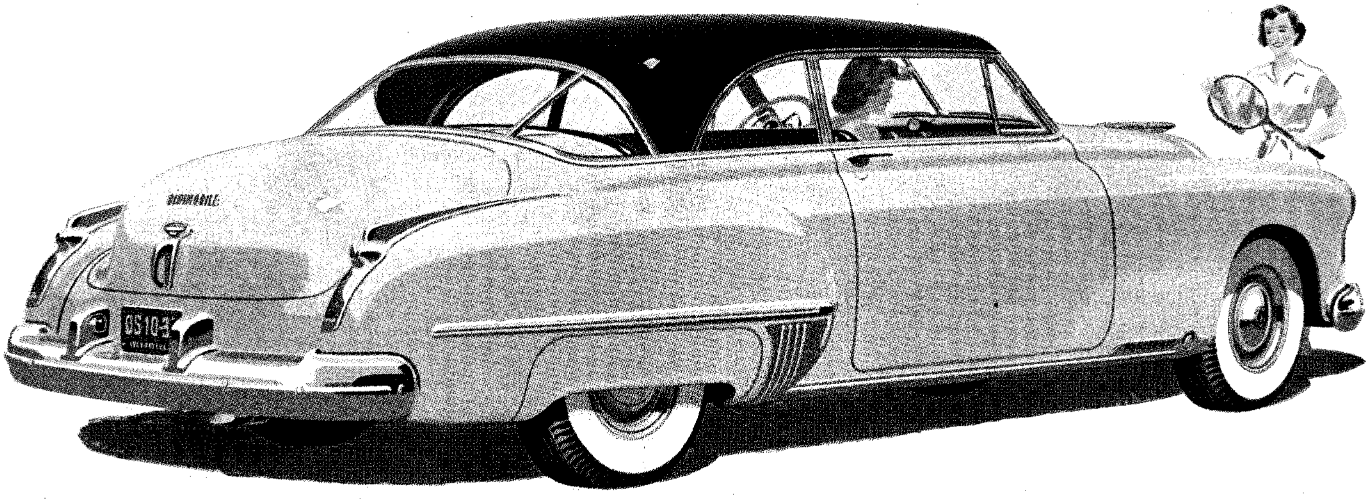

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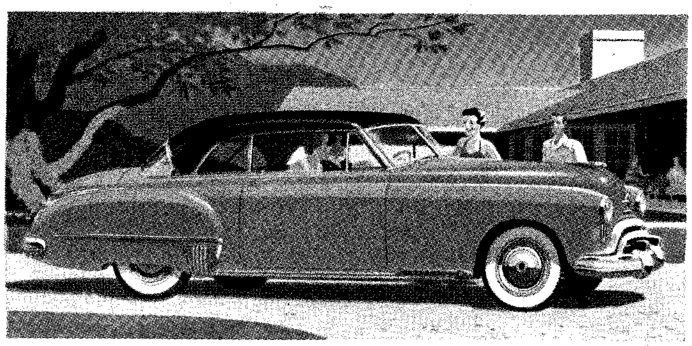

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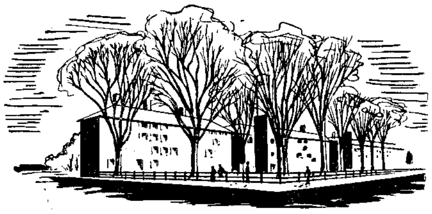
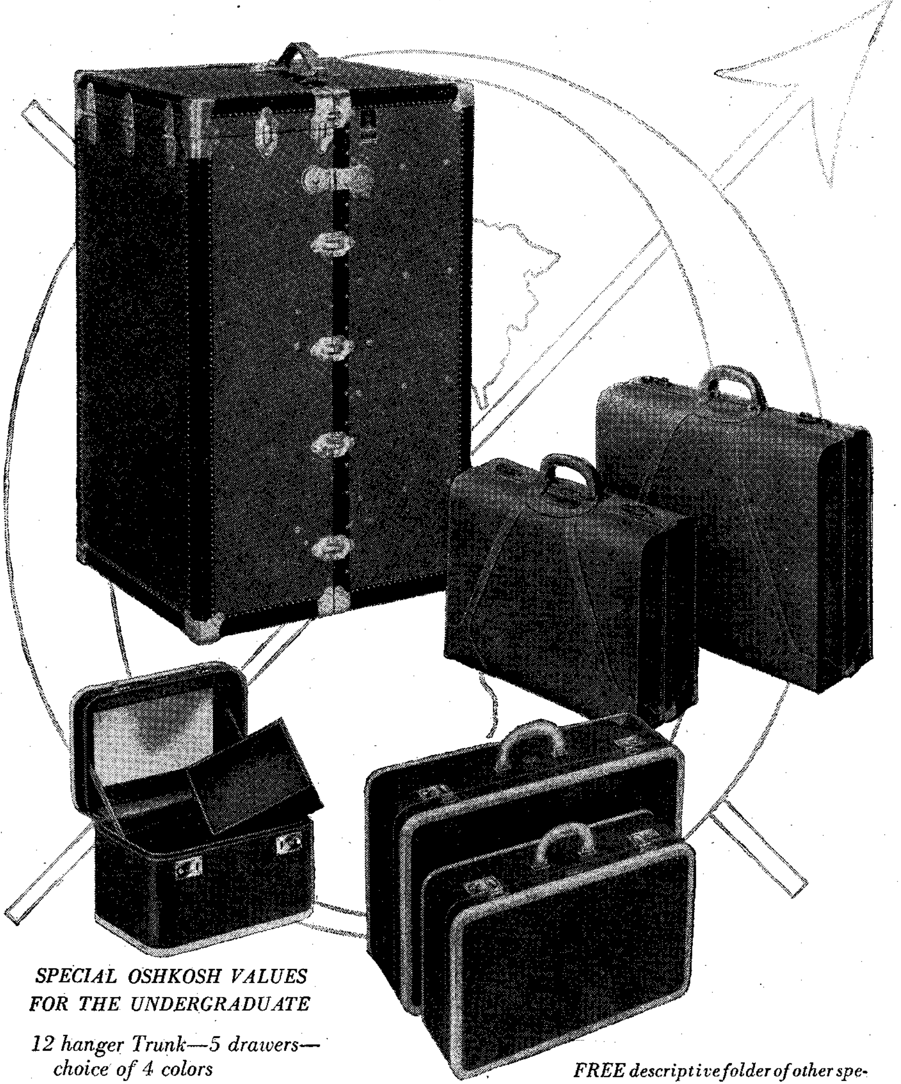
temptation that make peace a very unstable proposition in Palestine. Each side is more or less determined to hold on to every inch of land it had in its possession at the end of the fighting, and the resultant frontier is from a military point of view most unsatisfactory. Under the best of circumstances, Israel would be a diminutive country with disproportionately long and irregular borders, but as things are now, the so-called Arab triangle cuts deeply into eastern Israel, leaving only a very narrow corridor joining the two halves of the country between Tel Aviv and Haifa. It is easy to imagine how an Arab commander, looking at the map, must be tempted to launch a surprise armored attack across this slender neck of land—an operation that might conceivably be concluded in five or six hours, dividing the new state in two. And to the military men in the Israeli Army, the exposed, fertile salient of Arab territory must seem ripe for plucking. There are many officers who believe—and, indeed, hope—that the Arabs will make one more try at driving the Jews into the sea. These men, confident as they are in their strength, think that in one more round they could fix much more satisfactory boundaries for their country. The ethics of this kind of thinking are rarely discussed. The belligerent factions in Palestine feel that, having used the discarded arms of the great nations for their war (how often small nations wait to start their wars until the large nations have got through with theirs—a sort of servants'-hall feast on the leftovers of the princely banquet of weapons), they are also entitled to the use of their big brothers' morality. There is general pious damning of the use of terror, and many Israelis have touchy consciences about the large numbers of Arab refugees who fled their homes in Israel and are now suffering in camps in neighboring countries. But there is no disposition to take them back, except on a very limited quota (actually, from a security point of view, it would be impossible), and their homes and villages are occupied for the most part by Israeli immigrants, who cannot be moved.

"The terrible thing about terror," said my young intellectual German friend, "is that it works. We did not like the terrorists here, and we are still a little afraid of them, although they are quiet now. But there is no denying it—without them, the British would probably still be here. And when we are accused of the massacre of civilian Arabs at Deir Yasin, we can say it was done by the fanatics of the Irgun, which is





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true, and that the Haganah would never have done such a thing, which is also true. Furthermore, we can point to what the Russians have done for years to wipe out opposition in their country, what the Germans did to us in Europe, what the R.A.F. and A.A.F. did to Berlin, what the Americans did to Hiroshima. Morally, this is no answer, but why should we be expected to be so much purer than the rest of the world? When we were dispossessed, nobody gave us back our homes. If we hadn't armed secretly and fought, most of us would be dead now, United Nations or no United Nations. After all, we didn't invade the Arab states. They invaded us. What sort of reward are we expected to give them for that?"

THIS harsh sense of self-sufficiency is carried into many other fields. When Arthur Koestler was here, he made himself very unpopular by criticizing the Hebrew language as an unwieldy instrument, used by only a handful of people, that would serve to cut off Israel from communication with the rest of the world. But the people of Israel, looking back on two thousand years of disastrous internationalism, are delighted to settle for the emotional certainties of nationalism, with all the cultural loss that comes with it. Nobody admits it, but most of the people here would gladly exchange ten learned and cosmopolitan professors for one horny-handed farmhand who can drive a tractor and attack a pillbox with equal efficiency. Even the writers, who might be expected to be worried by any restriction on the number of their potential readers, contentedly write in Hebrew, although many of them are more fluent and idiomatic in English. Since the small population cannot support many artists, poets are doomed to part-time work here. In the settlements, a man of talent is usually given one day off a week from his regular duties to woo the muse. Just what kind of work will be produced from such rationed inspiration remains to be seen. But the prognosis seems doubtful, especially to Americans, who have come to believe that creation is a difficult process, requiring full-time application.

Still, even under these conditions, and with the added handicap of the war, a small flood of books has been written and published—an average of one and a half a day has appeared in the last year—and the theatre has prospered. The present great successes at the Habimah and the Chamber Theatres here are plays about the war with the Arabs, written by men who served in the Army. The company at the Chamber is composed of a group of young people opposed to the dramatic style of the Habimah, which came intact from Russia many years ago and which goes in for heavy makeup, ritualistic movement, stately rhetoric, and loud, formalized expressions of violent emotion. The acting at the Chamber is easy, naturalistic, and full of youthful energy, and reminds one of some of the performances turned in by the Group Theatre in New York in its early, gusty days. In the Chamber production of "He Walked Through the Fields," which deals unself-consciously with life in a *kibbutz*, as reflected in the career of a young man who, at the end, is killed in the war, the flavor is local, earthy, and humorous, although the story is a standard one of young love, parental misunderstanding, and, at the last, solemn and rather awkward patriotism.

In some cases, self-reliance has gone to such lengths that it has become a vice. Visiting American businessmen and engineers have encountered considerable stubbornness when they have tried to be helpful, and a friend of mine, a research scientist who studied in America, is constantly infuriated by his assistants' assurance that they can take apart and reassemble complicated American scientific apparatus and make it work better and perform tasks the inventors never dreamed of. A man who came out here to build houses finally gave up in despair and went back to the comparatively peaceful labor unions of America. Sometimes, though, there is a reason for Israeli stubbornness, but it must be searched out. American architects, appraising the climate and the California-like sweep of the scenery, have tried to get the local builders to put large windows in their houses. But the Israeli builders, even when they have not reasoned out their objections, insist upon putting narrow, inaccessible windows in the new houses. There is the matter of the sun, which burns more fiercely and brightly here than in California, but it may also be that the memory of years of living in a land where a man sitting behind a wide window made an excellent target for a sniper's bullet cannot be erased overnight. For a long time to come it is probable that buildings in the country will have walls pierced by openings that are first cousins to loopholes.

RECENTLY, over the Vatican radio, Israel, to the consternation of the authorities here, was called anti-Christian, Nazi-like, and a threat to the holy places and institutions of the Christian religion, and was said to be preparing for atheistic Communism. During the war with the Arabs, there was some destruction of churches in the course of the fighting, and some vandalism, which the military authorities scrupulously tried to halt. Cognizant of the necessity of behaving correctly in this delicate matter, the Army plastered all churches and mosques with out-of-bounds signs and sent officers around to the priests and ministers to help out with supplies, record complaints, and, when possible, gather grateful letters testifying to the Army's thoughtful treatment of them. These letters are, of course, very much available for perusal by foreign visitors. Catholic and Protestant services and church schools in Nazareth and Jerusalem are being run as usual, and the bells of the Jerusalem churches and the organ of the Y.M.C.A. there provide an aural background for the city's life. As for the threat of Communism, there are only four Communist members in the Knesset, the Israeli Parliament, and they have already divided acrimoniously, one member advocating Titoism, the three others, one of whom is an Arab, loyally cocking their ears toward Moscow. Speaking of the charges on the Vatican radio, a supporter of the government said to me, "There are proportionately many more Communists in Italy than there are in Israel, and they are enormously stronger, yet no one worries that the Vatican will be sacked or the Pope mistreated. And the strength of the French Communist Party has not yet caused anyone to demand that Notre Dame and the Cathedral of Chartres be put under international control."

The new state is having more trouble with its own synagogue than with either the Christian or the Mohammedan faith. Because of the peculiarities of parliamentary government, the ruling liberal Mapai Party, to gain a majority, was forced to league itself with the Mizrachi, the Right Wing Orthodox party. As a result, some of the annoying circumstances that always accompany the union of church and state are evident in Israel. There is no civil marriage, for instance. The synagogue has put a large finger into the educational system. Because of the dietary laws, and to the dismay of gourmets, precious Mediterranean *langoustes* and other shellfish are often tossed back into the sea when they come up in the nets. Buses do not run on Saturday, which creates a great deal of hardship for people who work all the rest of the time and have only that day on which to make excursions away from their homes. In Jerusalem, during the war, a group of fanatical students of the Talmud, wearing their long coats, their broad-brimmed black felt hats, and their ceremonial side curls, tried, under a white flag, to give themselves up to Abdullah, calling him King of the Jews because he controlled the Holy Wall of the Temple. Less mystical Israeli, in uniform, quickly turned the procession back and appropriated the flag. In peacetime, too, these holy students, lost in a medieval rapture of bookish ecstasy, oblivious of the needs and duties of the flesh, their eyes fixed on some inward point where man meets God, present a problem to a nation that is struggling with such prosaic questions as reclamation, sanitation, currency control, housing, and foreign policy. There is even a story that an Army convoy was stoned and halted while driving through the old ghetto section of Jerusalem on the Sabbath. What this sort of thing does to the temper of the military commanders responsible for the safety of the state can be imagined.

IN any case, the citizens (every Jew is a citizen in Israel from the day he lands and announces his intention of remaining) are doing their best to populate the land with a lively and numerous generation of native-born children. Children are everywhere—the pampered ones of the state—robust, unafraid, violently normal, highly prized. The sight of an ambulance being driven roughly up a cobbled street and stopping in front of a house to collect an enormously and proudly pregnant woman and take her to a hospital for her delivery is a common one. Birth in Israel is likely to be a more complicated process than is usual elsewhere. Shortly after the Arab war, at the hospital in Rehovoth, the wife of a friend of mine was waiting in a ward to be taken into the delivery room, which at the moment was occupied by a woman who had just arrived on an immigrant ship. After some time, a nurse came running in from the delivery room. "Is there anyone here who knows how to say, 'Push, Mother, push!' in Hungarian?" she asked.

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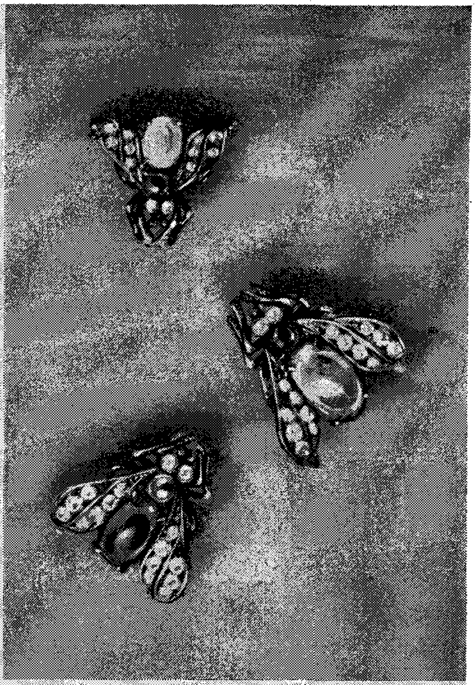

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guistic barrier, finally managed to be born, a full life is being prepared by his elders. He will speak slangy Hebrew, good Arabic, and pretty fair English, if their plans for his schooling are effective; he will work with his hands on the land or in light manufacturing; he will be trained as a soldier, who, they hope, will never have to fire a shot in anger but who will do so very well if necessary; he will vote for one of a variety of parties, under a constitution that guarantees him the same rights as the United States Constitution; he will probably be less well educated than his father and sleep better at night; the sorrowful history of his people in Europe will be to him only a rather dim, ancient fable; and he will be oppressed only by the weather, the land, and his God.

—IRWIN SHAW

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To: The Members of the Staff
FROM: Luther H. Evans, Librarian of Congress
SUBJECT: Annual Reports for Fiscal Year 1949

1. The Annual Report for the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1949, must go to press early in the fall. For reasons readily understood it will constitute one of the most important chronicles in a long series. It will appear at a time when the Library will have reached its sesquicentennial. Public interest in, and curiosity about, the institution will, as a consequence, be more than ordinarily intense. The fact that a number of professional associations and learned societies will hold their meetings in Washington as a commemoration of the anniversary implies, on our part, a duty to provide information, compiled in readily accessible form. The Annual Report is such a medium. Every effort will be made by the Library Administration to avoid past delays in the issuance of Annual Reports, and to assure distribution of the 1949 Report immediately after the convening of Congress next January. To this end Mr. Mearns has already begun his vacation, for instance.—*Bulletin of the Library of Congress.*

Splendid! Things are shaping up.

•

REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER WOULD HAVE GOT MADE EVEN ALLOWING FOR THE CIRCUMSTANCES

[*Adv. in Paint Logic*]

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THESE ARE the famous words of Patrick Henry that ring out through history. He was an Independent and, were he a paint merchant to-day, he would probably shout, "Give me the Breinig Brothers Perpetual Franchise that enables me to keep my self-respect, that guarantees me a profitable paint business, in an exclusive territory, on a permanent basis . . . or I'll get out of business."

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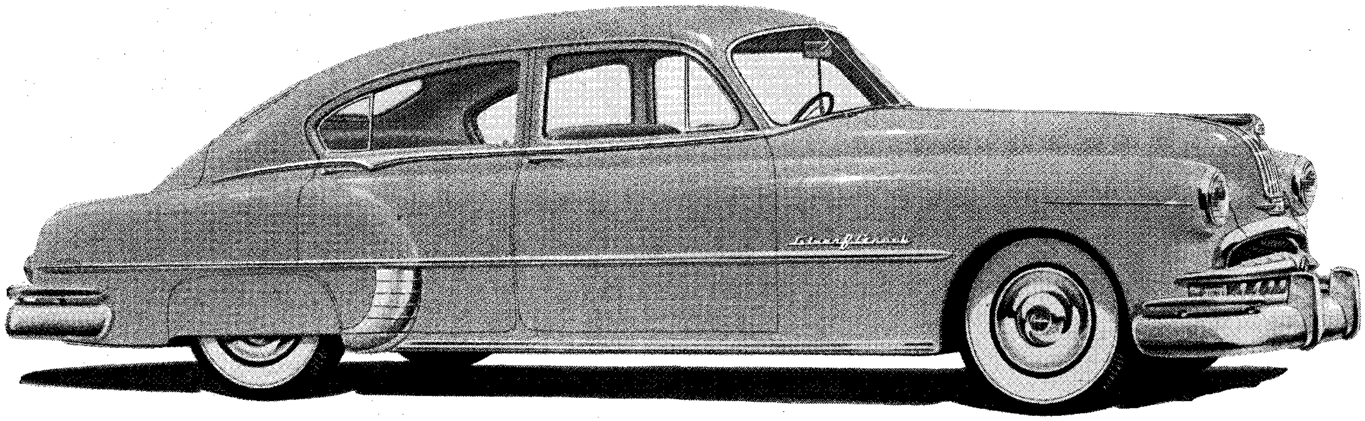

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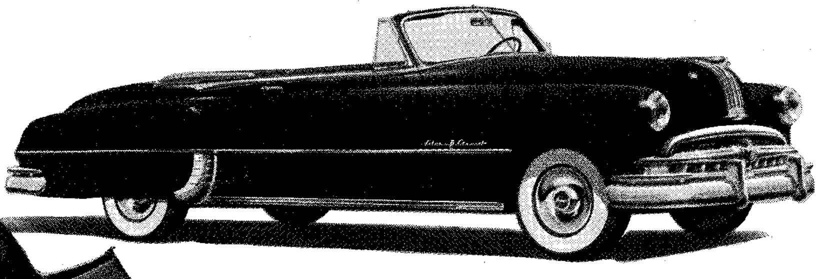

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Boy Who Cried Wolf

IT takes "The Window" quite a while to hit its melodramatic stride, but once under way it's fairly exciting. The picture is a new-day version of Aesop's tale of the boy who cried wolf. This particular lad is given to extravagant fabrication, which worries his father and mother so much that they plan to put him into the hands of a psychoanalyst. Before the little one has a chance to climb upon the dream monger's couch, however, he witnesses a real killing, but, of course, none of his family believes him when he tells about it. As soon as the murderers—a seedy couple in the neighborhood—get wind of the fact that he is aware of their crime, they decide that he would be better off dead. The film thereupon resolves itself into a fine, old-fashioned stalking bee, in which the boy is pursued relentlessly up and down fire escapes, over roofs, and through a building so dilapidated that it eventually collapses in a shower of brick and mortar.

"The Window" isn't very long—less than an hour and a quarter—but even so it hasn't enough substance to support its length. It is fortunate, however, in having in its cast some first-rate actors. As the small boy, Bobby Driscoll is a lot more tolerable than most Hollywood spratlings, and, as his parents, Barbara Hale and Arthur Kennedy are convincing.

"IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME" is a Technicolored trifle in which Judy Garland, Van Johnson, and S. Z. Sakall disport themselves with determined levity. A rehash of the Miklos László play called "The Shop Around the Corner," a bit of Hungarian whimsey that was splendid stuff when Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan made a film of it a while back, the present picture concerns itself with the activities of a Chicago music store in the early nineteen-hundreds. Here we have Miss Garland and Mr. Johnson functioning as fellow-workers who don't get along but who are corresponding anonymously with each other in one of those pen-pal arrangements that figure so largely in the back pages of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. It takes this pair a long, long time to discover that, despite their bickering, they are really meant for each other. In the course of their coagulation, Miss Garland has an opportunity to give voice to several old tunes, among them "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey." Mr. Sakall, who has parlayed a German accent into a comfortable livelihood, appears as the proprietor of the music store, and Buster Keaton is also on hand. Regrettably, Mr. Keaton's comic efforts aren't up to the standard he set in the days when he was mute.

"ROPE OF SAND" is another of those greed-does-not-pay numbers that Hollywood goes in for so often. This one centers on a South African diamond mine operated by Claude Rains and protected by Paul Henreid, the fiercest cop on the southern veldt. Burt Lancaster serves as hero of "Rope of Sand," playing a retired lion hunter who has got sidetracked somehow into the diamond game. The plot is enormously complex, but in the end Mr. Lancaster is cheek by jowl with Corinne Calvet, cast as a Frenchwoman whose morals are as unreliable as a granny knot.

—JOHN McCARTEN

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To those many thousands—maybe millions—of out-of-towners who firmly believe that the Stork Club and its owner Sherman Billingsley constitute the essence of glamour, I should like to report that it is all true. I now believe it myself.

I became a convert at two o'clock the other morning when I observed Mr. Billingsley quitting his famous saloon and getting into his car. This is what happened.

He strolled out the front door, saying goodnight to the bowing help, walked briskly across the sidewalk because it was hot out and the air on 53d St. has not yet been air-conditioned, and climbed into his car.

He got in derrierre-first, because there was a bed in the car, and he proceeded to lie on the bed, wriggle comfortably under the coverings, and say, "Home, James."

The bed was twin size, made up with fine percale sheets and a plump pillow. The car had all its windows rolled up, because it was air-conditioned to a pleasant chilliness.—*Dorothy Kilgallen in the Journal-American.*

He won't seem glamorous to us till he takes those shoes off.

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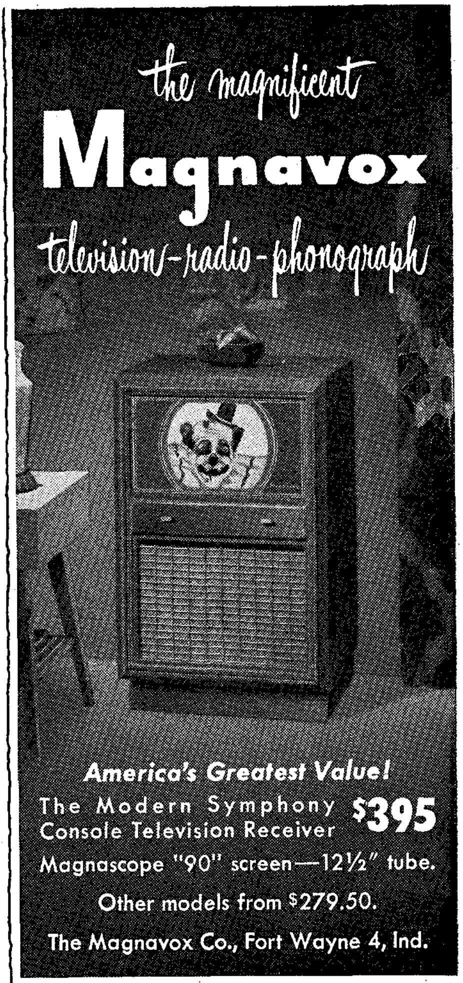
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Dr. Theodore R. Van Dellen in the News*]

C. W. writes: What are the advantages of a woman of 61 years getting married for the first time?

Reply: Companionship.



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MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S BATTLE

LIKE most other New Englanders, in my youth I was exposed to a form of ancestor worship. My mother took a fairly robust attitude toward the tracing of our forebears, finding a quiet pleasure in their less reputable aspects, and from her I learned to find a certain amusement in considering the curious train of events, escapes, conjunctions, and coincidences, the end product of all of which was the unimportant presence upon this earth of my sister, my brothers, and myself.

Certain of our relatives, however, seemed to me to be bent upon taking the joy out of genealogy by their insistence upon making all our ancestors monotonously genteel and admirable. For instance, we were all supposed to be proud of having in our veins a modicum of Narraganset Indian blood—in my generation one one-hundred-and-twenty-eighth, I believe, or possibly one sixty-fourth. Rhode Island is full of people who have more Narraganset blood than that; the only thing interesting about our share is how we came by it, and that is precisely what some of my fifth cousins and my fourth cousins once removed prefer to forget. The fact is that we owe our existence to a pretty Narraganset woman who was kept by a Rhode Islander, in the early eighteenth century, and who bore him two children. Fortunately for me, and for a great many other people, this man's wife was barren, so he ended by adopting his bastards, in order to have heirs. This improvement in their status resulted in their making good marriages, and today there are a quantity of people of proud legitimacy who are descended from them.

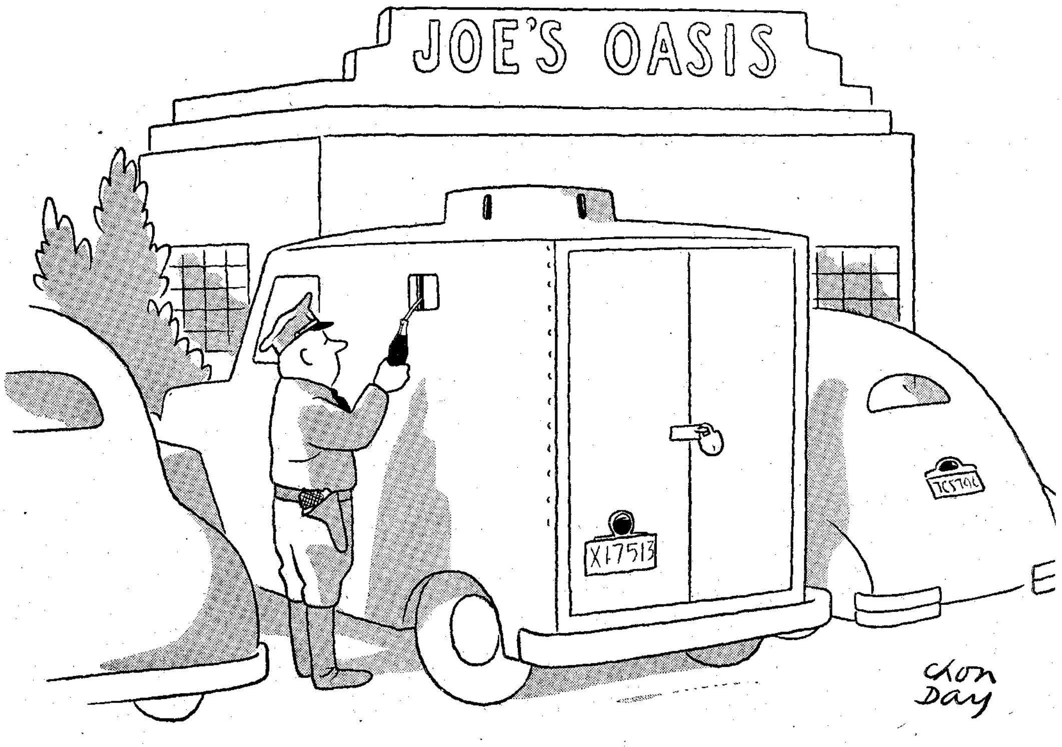
I was especially offended by the process of ascribing retroactive gentility when, some years ago, I attended the dedication of the reconstructed homestead of my Great-Great-Great-Grandfather Christopher Raymond Perry, near Matunuck, on the Long Island Sound shore of Rhode Island. It was through a forebear of Chris Perry's wife that the Narraganset strain came into our family. I was prepared for the usual delicate evasions on this score but was distressed to hear many of the assembled descendants rather anxiously insisting that the simple farmhouse had been our ancestor's *summer* home, and that, of course, although we had no record of it, he had had a more elegant residence in Newport as well. They were trying to make Chris Perry into a gentleman, and this I resented, for if he was a gentleman, then it could not be true that, as I prefer to believe, singlehanded he fought and won a battle in the Revolution.

The point is that in Rhode Island, at the time of the Revolution, it would have been perfectly possible for a gentleman to dabble in piracy, smuggling, and privateering. It would not have been especially unreasonable for him to happen to have a cannon and ammunition stored in his barn. But it would have been most unlikely for a gentleman to put his hand to the plow himself, and it is a certainty that at plowing time he would have had some hired help around. What it comes down to is that either Christopher Raymond Perry fought and won a battle all by himself or he was genteel. The two things are mutually exclusive.

MY great-great-great-grandfather's battle (assuming that he *wasn't* a gentleman) occurred at the time the British occupied the Island of Rhode Island, including Newport. So many were they that during the winter, which was severe, they cut down all of the sizable forest on neighboring Conanicut Island, leaving it to grow up in scrub. The people of that section have never forgiven the British for this vandalism; even my mother, a sincere Anglophile, pointed the effects of it out to me when I was little. She spoke of it so vigorously that I thought she had been an eyewitness, and wondered why she had not sailed over and stopped them.

The Americans occupied the mainland, the west coast of Narragansett Bay. They built some little forts along it and nervously awaited a British attack. The west coast is mostly rocky and steep, with high ground immediately behind it. Even if thinly held, it offered difficulties for a landing operation. British Intelligence reported, correctly, that the south shore, on Long Island Sound, was not defended and that the region near Christopher Perry's farm was the most suitable for a landing. If the report proved true, the British saw a splendid chance to outflank the Americans and take them in the rear, and, accordingly, they sent a sloop of war to investigate. A sloop of war might be compared to a good-sized modern gunboat. The day it sailed to Matunuck, Chris Perry was plowing. He was plowing personally and he was alone. This conjunction led to a battle—small, perhaps, definitely bloodless, yet of major tactical importance.

Besides being a farmer, Christopher Perry was a fisherman. He also held letters of marque, and an uncle of mine used to say that in addition to occasional privateering he indulged in a spot of piracy now and then. Respectability, in the effete sense of the word, seems to have started with his sons, who became Navy officers. One of them managed to run his frigate aground in Mackerel



Cove, a feat that has always astonished me, since before I was ten years old, I knew that no one but a fool would put into Mackerel Cove during a southerly blow.

Pirate or no, if a Rhode Islander in those days was a fisherman and a privateer, it went without saying that he was also a smuggler. Smuggling was considered a patriotic duty, for the sturdy Rhode Islanders held that the duties levied by the King were illegal, improper, unjust, and an assault upon their liberties. In the same spirit, a hundred and fifty years later, the people of the state were outraged when the other states of the Union, which we had joined only because we were forced into it, attempted to foist prohibition upon us. Rhode Island expressed its indignation by throwing the first two federal agents to visit the state into jail—on the charge of assaulting a bartender.

British plans did not take into consideration the Rhode Island temper, nor did their Intelligence advise them that Chris Perry had a cannon handy. Whether it was a spare, or whether he usually disarmed his schooner and took his guns ashore when not expecting combat, I do not know. All that is told is that he had a small ship's cannon in the barn along with his wagons, as well as powder and round shot.

When Perry saw a British sloop of war coming up the Sound, he was annoyed. It hove to off his place and let go the anchor, and when he saw that its longboat was being lowered, he decided that that was too much. He unhitched his oxen from the plow, drove to the barn, loaded the cannon and ammunition onto a stoneboat, and hauled them to a clump of thorn-apple and wild-cherry trees at the shoreline. Here he emplaced the cannon, hidden from the sloop but with a good field of fire. He cut himself a fresh chew of tobacco, loaded his piece, laid it, and touched it off. By that time, the longboat was on its way toward shore.

The shot went high over the sloop. He shifted his quid, reloaded, and aimed lower. His second shot was a near miss. The sloop hoisted a recall signal, and the longboat turned back. For emphasis, Perry loosed off one more round, this time hitting the sloop, near the gunwale. Then he waited, not liking to waste expensive ammunition. The longboat was hauled up, the anchor came up smartly, and the sloop wore around and headed back to Newport. Perry hauled his artillery back to the barn. He took time out to go and explain to his wife, who was wondering what all the commotion

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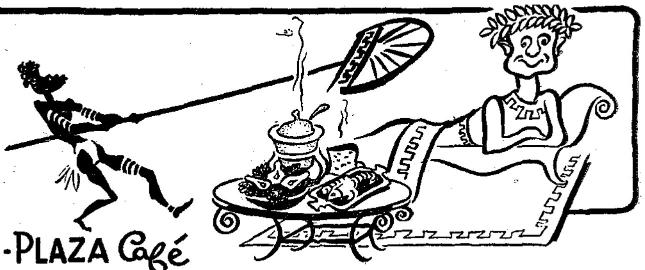

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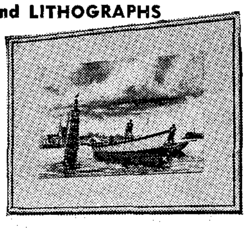

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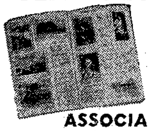

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was down at the edge of the south meadow. Then he went back to his plowing.

The master of the sloop reported that the south shore of Rhode Island was occupied by troops supported by artillery, and the plan for outflanking the American Army was abandoned. No doubt someone in the British G-2 got properly eaten out. Chris Perry may not have been elegant, but he was useful. I like him as he was. —Oliver La Farge

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.
(FLASH IN THE DISTANCE DIVISION)

[*From "The Philosophy of Alfred North Whitehead," edited by Paul A. Schilpp*]

A few weeks ago I had a lengthy discussion with Professor Einstein with respect to the fundamental assumptions of his theory of relativity. Late in the discussion this question of Whitehead's difference from Einstein with respect to the simultaneity of spatially separated events arose. Einstein said, "I simply do not understand Whitehead." I replied, "There is no difficulty in understanding him. When Whitehead affirms an intuitively given meaning for the simultaneity of spatially separated events, he means immediately sensed phenomenological events, not postulated public physically defined events. On this point he is clearly right. We certainly do see a flash in the distant visual space of the sky now, while we hear an explosion beside us. His reason for maintaining that *this* is the only kind of simultaneity which is given arises from his desire, in order to meet epistemological philosophical difficulties, to have only one continuum of intuitively given events, and to avoid the bifurcation between these phenomenal events and the postulated physically defined public events." Einstein replied, "Oh! Is that what he means? . . ."

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The Red Mountain Lodge of Masons enjoyed an outing at Camp Winaukee on Moultonboro Neck Sunday. Roger Larson, master of the Lodge, was in charge of the affair, and guests numbered 115, including Masons and Eastern Star members from several surrounding towns.

The only accident to mar the afternoon occurred when Elsbeth O'Brien, coming out of the water following a swim, stepped on a broken milk bottle and cut the sole of her left foot badly. She was hurried to Dr. Turley and several stitches taken. Elsbeth has hardly recovered from the operation this summer on her right knee, made necessary by a skiing accident last winter, and before that she punctured her instep one winter with a steel-tipped ski pole, and on another occasion had an operation to remove an extra bone in one of her feet. Poor Elsbeth—she should have been a mermaid; they have no foot troubles whatsoever.—*Sandwich (N.H.) News.*

They go through hell, just the same, with water on the knee.

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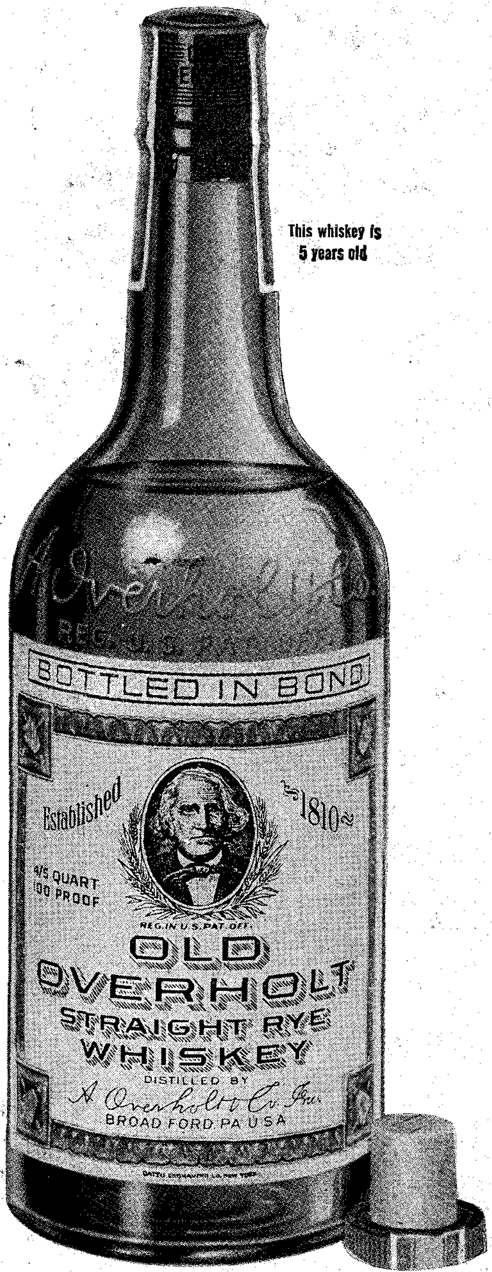
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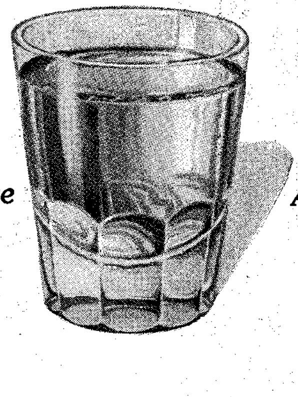

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